JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1980

3D EVERY THURSDAY

BEWARE OF THE WHITTLER by the EDITOR

SILENT SAM'S LAST WORDS by Will Scott

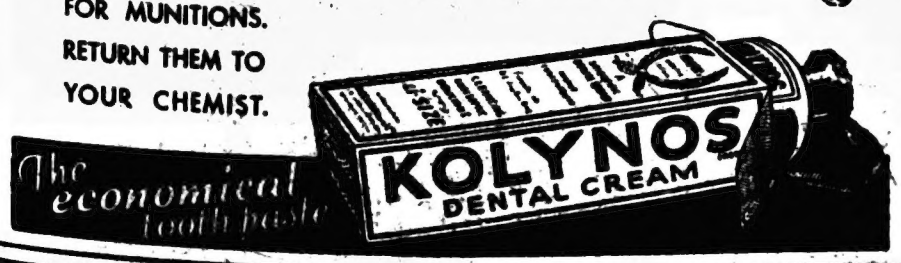
THE BEAST AT BAY by A.G.G.

by KOLYNOS! of course

Canterbury lamb may be tender, but the men who hail from the ranches of the Dominion are tough—mighty tough! Small wonder that they have formed the spearhead of our attack in many theatres of war; for New Zealand is the home of men of courage and determination, splendid physique, fine features, and—good teeth, thanks to KOLYNOS, of course!

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

IMPORTANT.—USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



My goodness-

A glass of Guinness is a cheerful sight

G.E.1222.C

L. P. Roberts

14 DAYS ADRIFT!

Two Merchant Seamen lived on chocolate alone

Cadburys frequently receive unsolicited letters from men in the Services telling of their warm appreciation of the chocolate which forms an important part of their emergency rations. Here is one from two men in the Merchant Navy, living in Glasgow, Third Officer Leslie P. Roberts of 225 Bath Street, and Thos. M. Hart of 94 Caledonia Road:

Gentlemen,
We wish to pay tribute to you for the particularly good and sustaining quality of your chocolate.
We spent 14 days adrift in an open lifeboat in the North Atlantic in the month of April and your chocolate was the only foodstuff which we were able to eat. We would, therefore, like to say that Cadburys helped to save our lives.

Yours faithfully,
Leslie P. Roberts. *Thomas M. Hart*

CADBURY means QUALITY

Bank Notes

The Chancellor of the Exchequer says

"Too many notes are still being hoarded; it would be very much in the interests both of the hoarders and the State that these surplus notes should be deposited in a bank or invested in war loans."

If you have a bank account, use it, and combine caution with patriotism.

If you have no such account, go to a bank and ask the Manager to help you.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

MONKEY BUSINESS Beware the man who "knows all about radio" and will put your set right in a jiffy. He may sound like a ray of hope and sunshine to you, but to us he's a dark ugly cloud. Not a week, hardly a day, goes by but somebody writes to us that their set has been ruined by some dabbler. And their charges! Do not trust them gentle Murphy Owners. Find your Murphy Dealer and *if you can't*, write to us.

your Murphy dealer will see you through

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS

C.R.C. 159.

A Thing NO NURSE WOULD RISK-

Naturally, nurses are extra careful about oral hygiene. They cannot *afford* to be guilty of Oral Offence. Neither can you. So use Colgate Dental Cream. Be confident that your mouth is fragrant, your teeth sparkling.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral-Offence—instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

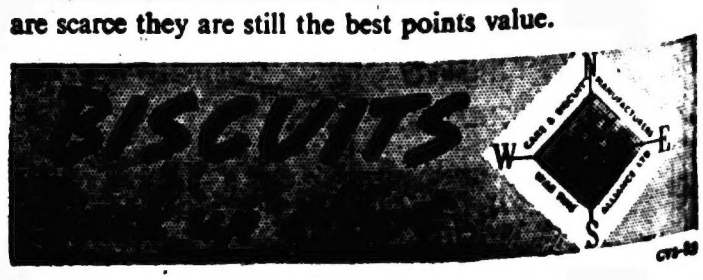
1/1 *Including Tax*

-IT MUST BE
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

APPLY SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

T.B/BK

When you get that empty feeling your energy for the job is declining and your output will drop. You can revive your energy and ward off fatigue if you eat an occasional biscuit—the ingredients, wheat, sugar and fat are recognised as energy-creating foods. And what is also important, they give a touch of variety to war-time diet. So take a few biscuits to your work—even though they are scarce they are still the best points value.



CVS-80

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 27, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

GOOD GOING

● To be given a feeling of justified pride will cost you 9d. That is the price of "Manpower," an official booklet which tells many stories, some highly amusing, of how the ordinary people of this country have shouldered the tasks of war.

But here let us deal only with its statistics.

These show that nearly 8,000,000 women are in the Forces or industry. More than 800,000 of them are part-timers who have domestic responsibilities.

Eight millions—that is twice as many engaged in the war effort of 1918.

Of the women between eighteen and forty, 90 per cent. of those who are single and 80 per cent. of the married and the widowed without children are in the Forces or industry.

That is a bigger proportion than any other country in the world has achieved.

Moreover, our war industry is running more smoothly than that of any other State. It employs 1,200,000 more men than in 1914-1918, more than 1,000,000 people above the age of sixty-five, and even blind persons.

No, the ordinary folk of Britain haven't made heavy going of this war. They've made remarkably good going.

Straight from the Shoulder

SPRINGBOARD

EVEN now the enemy cannot tell whether a feint or a major offensive will be our next move. Indeed, a few important people here deserve a special medal for their long and lifelike impersonation of oysters.

Change of Plan

So it is that we know more of the enemy's anti-invasion plans than he knows of our invasion schedule. And his plans have suddenly been changed.

Italy has shaken him. He no longer seems to expect simultaneous attacks from east, west and south.

Germany Itself?

Troops and aircraft are being rushed to Germany's Baltic coast. Military spokesmen are warning their listeners that the Allies "have enough shipping to land anywhere and everywhere," and that we have "concentrated" on building long-distance invasion craft.

The Two R's

Such vagueness can hardly be satisfying to Von Rundstedt, who, it is now confirmed, is the anti-invasion chief, whereas Rommel is the equivalent of our General Montgomery.

All that the two R's really know is that Britain has been converted into a springboard for a mighty army and the most gigantic weight of equipment ever assembled.

Double-Edged

It is a springboard, too, for an air assault which serves a double purpose. The intensive bombing of the Continent is not only disrupting the enemy's counter-invasion arrangements, but is frustrating any attempt to maintain industrial output.

Bull's-Eye

Again, when we read of railway targets being attacked it does not mean that we are merely aiming at putting certain stretches of line out of action. We learned from the blitzkrieg on Britain how quickly repairs can be carried out.

No, our object is the progressive dislocation of the entire transport *system*.

Lines Blocked

And we are succeeding in that object—in France and Belgium, in the Balkans, in Italy.

For example, since March 24 there has hardly been a day when the lines between Florence and Rome were not blocked. As many as twenty bridges and thirty-eight tracks have been destroyed in a single day; indeed, on one day eighty-five gaps were blown in the Italian rail system.

Magnificent

Kesselring has thus been deprived of supplies. That is one reason for the unexpectedly rapid Allied advances of the last fortnight.

A second reason is superior generalship. The third and most important is the really magnificent showing of Allied troops against some of the best troops in the German army.

Fighting French

Formerly, the British fought under the supreme command of the French. Now we see that the French can battle as skilfully under British leadership as ever in their long military history.

Polish troops, too, are winning fresh honours in this bitter, costly campaign against the common enemy. They seem poles apart from their politicians, who are still squabbling amongst themselves in London.

To Their Aid

The masses in France and the other occupied lands should take fresh heart from the struggle in the Italian mountains. There is evidence that we are coming to their aid, that we are beginning to destroy the Nazi legions.

They *can* be assured that we are determined not only to free them but to help them to rebuild their countries. They *should* be assured that our bombing of their towns is limited to military targets; our authorities would be wise to give them proof of this by releasing some of the astonishing facts available.

Shot Airmen

Very different is the appalling news that 47 Allied air officers have been shot after escaping from a German prison camp.

As the war progresses towards its end, the enemy is not likely to show any latitude in such matters. But for the moment comment must be withheld—until Mr. Eden's request for a full report from the Protecting Power has been met.

Tito in Trouble

No less reasonable is the request of Marshal Tito for tanks, aircraft, motorised equipment and for the ships of the Yugoslav navy.

Transport is the problem, admittedly. But, despite our vast commitments, a little sacrifice of transport on our part might greatly increase our Second Front prospects.

As it is, Tito is engaged in holding six enemy offensives. Given more arms for his 600,000 fighters, he could launch a real counter-offensive.

● **£80,000 has already been paid to "John Bull" readers under our Free Air Raid Insurance—underwritten at Lloyd's.**

● *Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Russia Makes Ready

Look next at the longest battle-front. The Germans are hammering away at the Russians' advance positions on the Dniester—in the hope of delaying our ally's preparations to take the Balkans by storm.

They know, too, that the Russians intend to open a vast new offensive in Poland, and there they are digging in as fast as the troops can wield their spades.

Great Achievement

It may be that the Russian time-schedule has had to be amended because of the mighty effort needed to take the Crimea—and the size of that achievement has still to be fully appreciated in this country.

But there is no reason to think that Stalin's sledgehammer will not crack open the Nazi positions while the Anglo-American forces split open the West.

Starve or Surrender

In Burma, the Kohima battle has ended disastrously for the Japanese. With the coming of the monsoon to cut their supplies, they must starve or surrender.

They face a final battle for New Guinea, knowing that they must lose it. And the Marshall Islands will not much longer be theirs.

Cheerful Picture

So, in all, the only blur on the strategic map is in southern China, where the Japanese are seeking to encompass a Chinese force in a vast trap.

And world confidence must have been heightened by the statement issued by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers.

World Power

It was not a statement of policy, as some people have termed it. It was an outline of basic principles. Though, like the Atlantic Charter, it ignores the problem of India and the future of Germany, Japan and the Pacific as a whole, it contains one improvement.

Formally, Mr. Churchill and the Dominion Premiers have proclaimed their support for the creation of a World Organisation which, backed by adequate power and authority, should possess the necessary requisites which the League of Nations lacked.

Next Step

The next step must be to gain the co-operation of every free country beyond the Commonwealth. For even a United Nations' "world organisation" could not claim jurisdiction over the entire globe.

So, too, with the integral parts of planning for peace. Pacts between a few countries will be a poor substitute for concerted action on trade, currency and other problems.

Incentive

International consultations need to be started without delay. And perhaps the Government would have an incentive to speedy action if Parliament were more speedy.

The Commons has shown itself concerned with the growth of delegated legislation—regulations issued by a Minister without the specific approval of Parliament. A committee is being set up to see that this method of law-making is not abused.

Overdue

But because of the press of business a certain amount of delegation is necessary. It must increase unless the House of Commons can transact its own business more quickly and cease to spend months over a single Bill.

Parliamentary reform is overdue.

Four Years

To be fair, that word is equally applicable to purely Cabinet decisions. The Government, which promises us a Four-Year Plan, is guilty of a Four-Year procrastination.

It was in 1940 that we were told that land control was being given pride of place in future policy. In 1941, the Uthwatt Committee was set up. In 1942 its final Report was published. In 1943 action on its recommendations was promised. In 1944 the promise is renewed.

Will this disheartening serial story be continued next year?

Warning

If so, there will be no proper solution of the housing problem, proposals for transport and agriculture and industry would be held up—in a word, there could be no Better Britain.

In that case, JOHN BULL delicately suggests, the Government would not find its popularity increasing among the returning men and women from the Forces and war factories.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MINISTRY of Fuel investigation officers and Scotland Yard have been busy. Very busy. With the result that big prosecutions concerning petrol are on the way.

Bigwigs

Among the people interviewed have been local councillors (one a mayor), company directors, ambulance drivers, Ministry of Supply contractors, garage keepers.

One of several cases in the North Country involves thousands of gallons of petrol said to have been obtained by false statements.

Interesting

You'll hear, too, of Service pumps being deliberately left unattended, of mythical journeys to factories, of supplies sold by official drivers, of Ministry cars seen at football matches.

Munition workers who, after the night's toil, have had to walk miles home for want of transport, while a few favoured ones were picked up by official vehicles, should be interested.

Too Many ?—

Perhaps there's a good reason hidden behind a funny story from Birmingham. Apparently it took a dozen lorries, each manned by three men, to throw gravel over a small stretch of newly tarred road.

We hope so.

—Too Much

Another kind of waste is reported from a large London hospital, where a girl directed to work in the nurses' home sees much good food thrown away every day.

She looks carefully at this surplus, because if she wants to have a meal during her hours of duty, she has to pay for it.

More Wanted

Some people have nothing waste. They include the old age pensioners and elderly people living alone on whose behalf the London Food Committees are to ask Colonel Llewellin to increase the tea and sugar ration.

People living alone are in need of more tea than one ration book can supply. They can afford to drink what tea they can get—and more—at home, but unlike many workers and members of large households, they cannot get out to drink all those extra cups of tea to be had at canteens and restaurants.

End in Sight

Prices of second-hand furniture are to be controlled. It's high time when people can advertise to sell a "Super double divan bed; box spring mattress, interior spring mattress; extra long. Best offer over £60."

In 1938 the most super of super divan beds was made by a famous firm of bedmakers for £24.

Double dealers have been making a profit of necessity for too long.

Musical Charges

And it is not so simple to decide who is to overhaul your piano, judging from a story from Manchester.

Three estimates were sought. The first, after the firm had sent to see the instrument, assessed the job at £15. The second firm replied by post, putting the work at £7. The third, after inspection, agreed to put things in order for 35s.!

Pence Into Millions

We have heard from Lord Iliffe, chairman of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross Appeal, that the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund has passed the £10,000,000 mark.

He expresses gratitude to the millions of regular subscribers and the 200,000 voluntary collectors; to Lord Southwood, chairman of the Penny-a-Week Fund; and to the Trades Union Congress and the British Employers Confederation for their enthusiastic support.

We know the ordinary folk of this country won't let the total stand at the ten millions for long.

It's a Lovely World

Rude people have said that the Stock Exchange is a madhouse. Proof is available of its shrewd sanity.

Its gamblers are forcing up rubber shares to prices higher than those fetched before the estates were captured by the Japanese.

Why? Because they think we might beat the Japs fairly quickly, and because there'll be a great shortage of rubber even after the war.

So war is profitable—to some. And that reflection should cheer the boys who'll do the fighting in Malaya.

False Picture

A soldier in Cairo has read a booklet about the Eighth Army. He fought through the Desert campaigns and was burned in his tank in Sicily; neither his, nor his comrades' experiences, are, he says, accurately presented, and the booklet is a mass of inaccuracies.

We still await an accurate, authoritative account of the Middle East battles. The criterion being a book that has the approval of the men who did the fighting.

Not the Right Place

Cairo is also annoyed by Hollywood film versions of the Desert war—such pictures as "Immortal Sergeant," "Sahara" and "Five Graves to Cairo" (winner of several subsidiary Motion Picture Academy Awards) have not amused the veterans of the Eighth Army on their misguided showing in Algiers and elsewhere.

Disappointed

Men there on leave in Egypt want to know who gets the tickets for special ENSA shows.

When Geraldo and his orchestra gave two performances, tickets were advertised for sale at 10 a.m. A queue had formed by 8.15. Nothing happened until 10.45 when the few "remaining" seats went in a matter of minutes. A large queue of soldiers was turned away disappointed—even the fifteenth man in the queue was unlucky.

House Full

One ENSA show given at the Royal Opera House, Cairo, advertised itself as being "For the General Public and Allied Forces."

It seems a bit tactless to put Cairo's "general public" before the Forces. And it looks as if there is a new policy of selling the tickets advertised at higher prices and that the few left over "at special rates" for the soldiers will be a mere handful.

Please, Mr. Basil Dean, remember that ENSA is supposed to entertain the troops and war workers first, last and all the time.

Beached

At home there is a small matter of expensive boats. One man who hires out boats on the Thames has raised his price from 2s. 6d. an hour to 7s. 6d. for two hours—and you cannot take out his craft for less than this period.

The sudden inflation means that the R.A.F. boys stationed near by who have depended on the river for an hour's healthy relaxation now have to sit on the bank and watch "people who can afford it" do the rowing.

Meagre Offer

There's not much generosity about. The West Suffolk Joint Standing Committee has agreed to appoint seven members of the Women's Police Auxiliary Corps at a salary of £2 17s. a week.

We agree with Lady Briscoe who calls it miserable pay. And it is unlikely to attract the right kind of women.

It's time it was realised that to go on demanding personal sacrifices from people of brains and character is false economy.

Fair Judgment

We do congratulate the Marylebone Magistrate, Mr. Ronald Powell, who judged that a promise should be kept when he adjourned for investigation the case of a boy said to be passed and accepted by the Navy and now drafted to work in the mines.

A National Service Officer present said that the lad was still subject to the ballot unless actually in the Service.

We shall wait and see.

Heather or Petrol Fumes?

Most of us have agreed that what we want after the war is a good holiday.

One of the favourite places will be the Highlands of Scotland—where many people want to see National Parks established and the whole area attracting tourists from all over the world.

Are we to be allowed to enjoy the natural beauties of the mountains and glens, or must they be streamlined into something as uninspiring as the Great West Road?

No Romance

Three new trunk roads are proposed—destined to carve right through the most historic and romantic parts of the country, including Inveraray, Kyle of Lochalsh, and, most murderous of all, a highway planned from Fort William to Arisaig and Mallaig. Must we take the road to the isles at 60 miles an hour?

Wounded Travellers

The War Office is concerned because we wrote recently about the problems of wounded men travelling long distances unaided

We are glad to learn that the R.T.O.s' staffs are detailed to help sick and wounded soldiers and that when they have to cross London a special truck is at their disposal.

But the R.T.O.s are very busy men. Their job is not likely to become easier in the coming months.

Not every wounded man will appeal for help, or be looked after by pre-arrangement and we shall, perhaps, see more and more tired men fending for themselves in the unnerving surroundings of large stations.

They Got Off

General Eisenhower would approve of a bus conductress who stood in judgment over two American officers the other day. They refused to travel in the same bus as two coloured soldiers, who dutifully got up and left.

"Just to show you what we're fighting for," said the conductress to the officers, "this bus isn't going to start unless you get off and these soldiers get back."

Which, in the end, is what happened.

★ TO BE A FARMER'S GIRL ★

● Seven hundred and fifty thousand farm workers are wanted to bring in 1944's great harvest. Very few soldiers will be able to help the farmers this year, so they ask for 250,000 more volunteers than in 1943. You are asked to go to the camp nearest your home to save transport, and the farmers want your help in June and September — they already have enough workers promised for August.

Men and women are paid 1s. an hour, boys and girls 9d. Board and lodging costs 28s. a week. People who have spent their holidays on the land are enthusiastic over the healthy change it provides and the fun they have.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● U-boat losses are keeping up handsomely. There are no long faces at the Admiralty—and haven't been for months.

● *German Admiral Kranke has been appointed naval anti-invasion chief.*

● Backe, Nazi Food Minister, has told the *Gestapo* to help in the collection of harvest and agricultural produce. A serious food shortage is feared within the Reich.

● German home-front radio has switched to gloomy programmes in view of the shape of things to come. And the Germans like the change.

● *"Luftwaffe" reserve planes are being used up. Total monthly production is now less than 1,500—and losses exceed that figure by far.*

● Field-Marshal Keitel is trying to settle a quarrel for Hitler. The Nazi Party and German Army authorities are at war over man-power, the use of S.S. Black Guards and S.E. storm-troopers.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

BEWARE OF THE WHITTLER

THERE is an enemy we shall have to fight long after Hitler has disappeared. He is the whittler, and he has already opened his campaign against the people.

He is in evidence in many quarters and in many guises—big business, vested interests, private enterprise, professionalism. He is not necessarily an enemy of progress, but he likes things to progress in a way which most suits his own book.

The latest example of the would-be whittler is afforded by the attitude of the British Medical Association towards the Government's health policy.

Without waiting for answers to the questions which it had put to the profession, the Council of this "doctors' union" has decided to oppose the National Health Service plan.

This is a challenge which must be taken up.

If the State were to yield to the medical die-hards, it would probably have to surrender to vested interests all along the home front.

And if we as a community want to make the best medical services freely available to all who may need them, we *must* back the State to beat the profession.

Many doctors, both in the Services and in private practice, take the view that a National Health Service will usher in an era of unexampled opportunity for the profession itself.

Just as the panel patient has ensured a steady living to thousands of medical men, in spite of die-hard opposition to health insurance when it was introduced!

But the Council of the B.M.A. has paid no heed to the expressed opinions of such progressive men.

It has ignored the Government's assurance that, under the new national scheme, doctors will still be free to take private patients and patients at liberty to choose their own doctors.

It prefers to gibber at "the cold hand of bureaucracy." Its chairman is reported to have denied "any sound medical reasons for reorganising the medical service at the present time."

And, though the B.M.A. Council professes to be "in complete agreement with the Government's *aim*," it maintains that such "a controversial issue" should not have been raised in time of war.

But we must remind the Council that the Government's White Paper, though it was drawn up with careful regard to the medical man's position, is primarily intended to promote the welfare of the people.

Professional codes, "private enterprise," personal profit or loss, ancient custom and tradition, have no real weight in the balance.

So this doctors' test case has tremendous implications. It raises the whole question of vested interests.

For instance, nothing could be clearer, short of a general election verdict, than the people's support for a broad measure of "Social Security."

Sir William Beveridge's plan to achieve this security may not be perfect, but it did undeniably command popular support, and it was accepted by the general public as the touchstone of Government sincerity.

Is this scheme now to be whittled down to meet the objections of insurance companies?

It is certainly not reassuring that "it is expected that workmen's compensation will be excluded from the general social insurance scheme" in the White Paper which is—shortly, we hope—to define the Government's intentions.

And we wonder anxiously how far the Government is prepared to go in financing those funeral benefits which have hitherto shown the industrial insurance companies so rich a profit and the public so poor a yield.

Again, are we as a people willing to allow any national building programme to be blocked by contractors who demand "freedom" to build how they like, where they like, and in a way to secure whatever profits *they* think appropriate?

The Premier has recently affirmed the Government's intention and power to limit profiteering. But the sad fact remains that the Scott, Barlow and Uthwatt Reports—all three of them intended to give the State greater control of prices, locations and planning—are still pigeonholed.

Again, it is obvious that an adequate veterinary service must be a basic essential to any national health plan.

Therefore we welcome the news that the Committee on Veterinary Education advocates the establishment of additional schools and a higher status for this important profession.

But we also notice that some conservative farmers have already objected strongly to measures intended to make certain of a cleaner milk supply to the nation.

Are we to scrap these important and useful measures merely because they object to "official interference" in the matter of infected cattle?

Are we—the people of this democracy, which claims to choose its own leaders—to fight shy of any reform which involves some measure of "bureaucratic control"?

Let us not be frightened of mere words and phrases. Let us remember that no efficient organisation can be conducted without control of one kind or another.

And let us remember, too, that the Post Office has always given and is still giving us good service and showing a profit under national ownership.

Bureaucracy could never be tolerated. But control need neither encourage bureaucracy nor hamper the country's true freedom.

JOHN BULL does not advocate a multiplication of State officials. We shall continue to criticise the issue of every needless regulation or Order in Council. We have fought a life-long battle against Red-Tape and the Red-Tape Mind.

But we also believe the evidence of our own eyes. We know that rationing and price control have saved us since the war began from inflation and scarcity. And we shall never fight the intelligent administration of affairs solely because it happens to be in official hands.

Many of our pre-war "freedoms" merely gave the strong sanction to exploit the weak. Vested interests should not frighten us into a return to those conditions.

Should we never discuss the nationalisation of the mines because a comparative handful of the community—the coalowners and their friends—mean to cling to their private profits?

Are we to put the special interests of railway and shipping companies before the national interest in regard to post-war air traffic?

PLAINLY, if we mean to get a better Britain we must build it regardless of opposition by minorities or selfishly interested professions and groups.

The Government, though it is clearly frightened of "controversial legislation," has promised that various important social reforms will be forthcoming.

And the Minister of Health should be congratulated on his warning to the doctors who seek to sabotage the first of those reforms.

"Let us be quite clear on this," he says, "the project will go on. The Government will go to Parliament with a full scheme for health."

If only the Cabinet would agree to fight the vested interests for every other promised reform, there would be a guarantee instead of a mere hope for a better Britain.

Invasion's Commandos of the Mind

AN assault on the mind of Germany to precede, accompany and follow the invasion of Europe is the great task which Allied, propaganda is facing.

It will not find the experts unprepared. As much care and thought as has been given to the conception of military strategy has been devoted to the training of "Commandos of the Mind," who will hammer away at Germany with heavy artillery.

★ ★ ★

Think, for example, how difficult it was to devise a means by which—within the hearing of the enemy—the signal for a general uprising could be given to Continental patriots.

Local experts from every part of Europe were called in to advise on the mental conditions prevailing and the psychological reactions likely to be produced in different regions.

It might not be thought advisable, for instance, to rouse the French along the Mediterranean at the same time and in the same manner as those living near the Channel.

Instructions have to go out not only to organised underground armies and their leaders but to thousands of civilians from whom help is expected.

And there is another side to the problem. Our friends on the Continent may have to be restrained for the time being; later they must be encouraged.

Then there is the difficulty of making the German troops learn the real facts about the fighting. No other military operation, even in modern war, requires so much flexibility.

Broadcasting is one of its weapons; so, of course, is the vast leaflet propaganda by which friends and foes are virtually bombarded from the air. And when I spoke of propaganda's heavy artillery I meant it literally.

★ ★ ★

Quite a number of big Allied guns will not fire lead and explosive against the enemy. As in Italy, they will be loaded with stacks of leaflets to be hurled into enemy positions. Effects on the mind of the enemy are as valuable as attacks on his body!

And with the Allied troops in forward positions will be found again the resourceful, brave propagandists of the front-line about whom too little has been said

Creeping forward with loudspeakers and complicated technical apparatus, they actually speak across No Man's Land to the enemy troops.

★ ★ ★

Their work is fascinating; its value is unique. They know the position in the neighbourhood and their truthful interpretation of battle events rarely fails to impress the mind of the troops facing them.

They can quote names of prisoners taken, of information gathered on the spot. They can—and do—create uncertainty and depression among their grey-clad listeners.

There are other tactics too, in the intricate strategy of propaganda which forms part of the Allied invasion plans.

A dozen languages, a hundred dialects are being used to carry out that strategy. The men who design it, the experts who translate it into action, are not less important than the brave men who will storm the beaches.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Reconstruction

MY LORD,—Soon you will be asked by an authoritative deputation to tackle first things first—in other words, to settle the issues of town and country planning before your Reconstruction policy is prejudiced by the piecemeal action of other Ministries.

Already one department is encouraging new industries to go to areas of potential unemployment. Plans for houses are being drawn up before it is decided where they can be built, or whether sites earmarked are really suitable.

And if these developments continue haphazardly they will be as difficult to check as a river in flood. We must establish a master plan now if we are not to be overwhelmed by peace and lose our great chance of orderly and sensible progress.

Such a plan must certainly include provisions for town and country planning and the sensible location of industry, as I am sure you will agree.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, M.P.,
Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I am mystified. It is estimated that since the outbreak of war the increases in prices have been 69 per cent. for all articles, 75 per cent. in the case of food and tobacco, and 65 per cent. for industrial materials and manufactures.

Why, then, is the official cost-of-living figure reckoned at only 45 per cent. above pre-war days? People whose wages depend on it would very much like to know.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WENDELL BERGE,
Assistant U.S. Attorney-General

DEAR MR. BERGE,—I wish some of our Ministers had your gift of plain speech. You state coldly that a drive has begun to force your country into the grip of international trade cartels. And you announce emphatically that the United States will not join hands with those financiers who, to reap great profits for themselves, would fix prices, restrict production, and seek Government aid against other countries who might oppose them.

We on this side haven't forgotten how, before the war, British Big Business joined with German combines in an attempt to reduce the world to economic slavery. And we, the ordinary people, want an assurance from our Government that henceforth industry will be controlled for the benefit of the many instead of the few.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. F. HIGGS, M.P.,
Nathurst Grange, Warwickshire

DEAR SIR,—British women were not scared into submission by Goering's raiders. So I doubt if they will be scared into giving up the fight for economic emancipation by your warning that, if equal pay for equal work was granted, employers would cease to engage women.

Now, you are an employer. But I do not think you speak for all industrialists—if only because they know that in some jobs women are more reliable and proficient than men.

Anyway, the argument is as false as a distorting mirror. If men really believed it they would not fear the competition of women, and therefore would not oppose the demand for equitable treatment.

Actually, the reconstruction of Britain will be so vast an undertaking that there should be work for every man and every woman, and I think they should all be guaranteed fair payment.—JOHN BULL.

Sir LEONARD LYLE,
Conservative M.P., Bournemouth

DEAR SIR LEONARD,—So you want us all back in the industrial jungle with the law of economic fang and claw rending and ripping at the life of the nation and tearing to shreds all attempts at social justice.

That, in effect, is how I interpret your incredibly stupid and intolerable argument that there should be no control whatever in the sacred cause of British liberty.

You take liberties with liberty, Sir Leonard. When you declare, "We are in danger of ending the war with the total loss of our liberty and the privacy of our lives," you know as well as I that there is no more danger of this nation giving up its liberties than there is of you understanding the nation.

And when you go on to state, with a pompous fatuity that would be laughable were it not so tragic, "This threat—*i.e.*, control—must be fought now, otherwise when peace comes and young men and women are demobilised from the Forces and Civil Defence there will be no jobs for them to go to," you make me aghast at your complete inability to assess the lessons of the past.

What control was there in Britain when millions of people drew the dole and lived in bitter misery and enforced idleness? What control was there when machines rusted and families went hungry?

What control was there when industry was given free rein to ruin not only itself but those who depended on it?

I hold no brief for bureaucracy. I want as many bumbledoms as possible

Sir Leonard Lyle looks backwards

removed as quickly as possible after the war. I want all restrictions on personal liberty removed.

But I maintain—and there will be millions to support me—that some control is essential to the well-being of the nation.

Unless that measure of control is retained by the State we can say good-bye to our dreams of a world free from want and unemployment, and look forward instead to another vicious cycle of those horrors we remember with shame.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

IMAGINATION IS A GIFT

THE amphibious landing craft looked clean and trim as they rolled through the town. Fit, sun-burned men in khaki drove them. People smiled and waved as the convoy passed.

I didn't feel like smiling. The bright sunshine was dimmed by visions of shell-torn beaches. The landing craft, in my mind's eye, were splintered wreckage carrying brave men agonised and wounded and pain-racked.

★ ★ ★

Have these people no imagination? I asked myself as I looked at the smiling men and women lining the pavements. Often I have pondered the same question.

Men pick up newspapers, look casually at the headlines and then comment "No news" as they put the papers down. I have heard women say "Nothing fresh" when the radio has announced a major raid by the R.A.F.

Are they just careless and unthinking or do they really lack the ability to picture what is happening?

People differ. The gift of imagery or imagination is not bestowed on all. Some have it to a fantastic degree.

Some writers make words live. They convey to the reader a power and a vision which have governed their thoughts.

I know a successful author whose imagery is wonderful. Words are his servants. His brain builds up the magic of phrases as quickly as his tongue can utter them. He is never at a loss for a simile.

Now there are many others who write and who know words. Yet the stuff they turn out is wooden.

It is the same with artists. Two men will glance at the same face and draw a few quick lines. One sketch is dull, flat, listless; the other alive. Wherein lies the difference?

The artists have seen the same face. Yet one has imagery to see and to convey the strength of character in that face; the other sees only lines.

In other aspects of life one finds the same lack of vision and understanding. And one wonders just exactly what strange process dulls the brain, turns it into a sort of inert clod, a mass of fibrous nerves that have neither spark nor drive.

★ ★ ★

Yet, when it is all boiled down, the simple fact remains that neither education nor training nor culture can infuse into the dull unimaginative mind the creative power, the faculty to breathe magic into words or to bring glowing life into colour and canvas.

The gift of imagery is the gift of birth. That's why it is found in strange places.

Lieut. BURDETTE L. WILLIAMS,
Flying Fortress Pilot

DEAR LIEUTENANT,—Though heroes in this war are to be counted by the thousand, you deserve to be in their front rank.

A bomb dropped on your Fortress in mid-air over France, crashing through a little window and killing the rear gunner. The great 'plane rocked and shuddered; its tail was a mass of twisted wreckage from which the unexploded bomb protruded.

You and your crew might have baled out. Instead, you took a terrible chance and brought the machine back to base, knowing that any jolt on landing might deprive you even of a decent burial.

In the moment of "touching down" you must have endured a strain as great as a whole lifetime of the courage usually described as cold.—JOHN BULL.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA,
Now Touring Portugal

GENTLEMEN,—No wonder your master, Hitler, adores the music of Wagner. He and his minions are but shadows of the pagans who strut through that composer's grandiloquent operas, and it will take more than you to prevent the shadows from merging into eternal night.

I suggest that the closing scene of "The Twilight of the Gods" should figure in your programmes. I think the Portuguese might appreciate the point.—JOHN BULL.

The ARMY COUNCIL,
War Office

GENTLEMEN,—Something more than an inquiry into the shelling of the Sussex town of Steyning will be needed to allay public disquiet.

For this was not a unique affair. On the same day as the Steyning inquiry started news came that a bursting shell had struck a man working on an allotment at Lewes.

And for months past reports have streamed in of soldiers and civilians alike being killed or wounded by accidents with Service ammunition, of children being burned by mustard gas. So many, indeed, that three weeks ago I suggested an inquiry into the whole subject.

Plainly, investigations into one incident will not suffice. We have a right to know what steps are being taken to prevent such appalling accidents from recurring.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Society of Motor Manufacturers

GENTLEMEN,—I doubt if you will be impressed by the news that Whitehall is "considering" fixing the prices of second-hand cars and lorries after the war. For the "consideration" has now lasted two years. And, as I revealed months ago, the racket in second-hand cars is already going strong.

But "urgent" long since ceased to have any meaning in the Whitehall dictionary of official terms.—JOHN BULL.

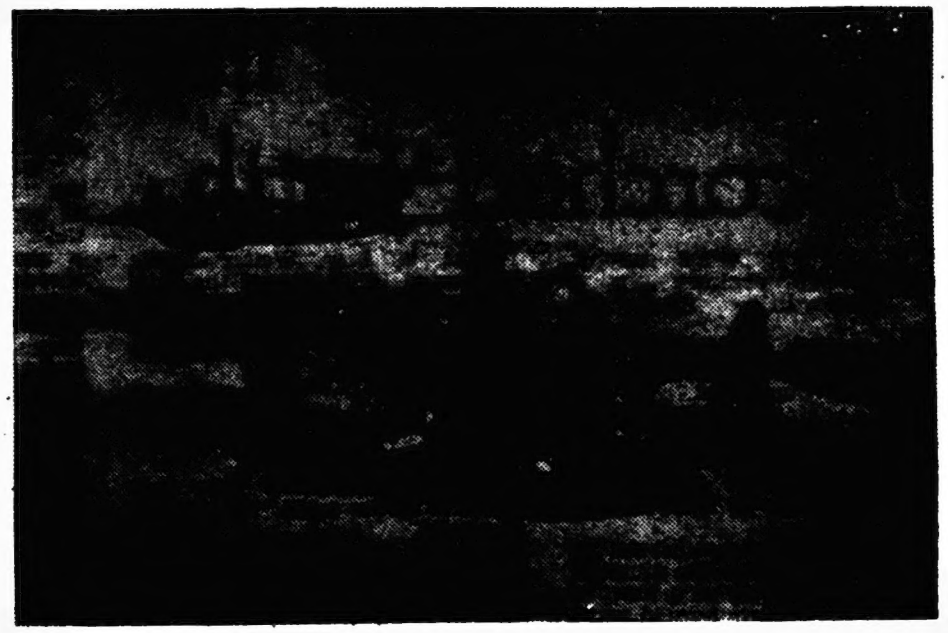
Sir ATUL CHATTERJEE,
Central Opium Board

DEAR SIR,—People who thought the League of Nations expired years ago should be gratefully surprised by your eight-point plan which is now being considered by the Allies.

It is a plan to prevent dope pedlars from preying on the stricken peoples of the Occupied Countries, and it is a reminder that though the League's diplomacy failed because of the timidity and craftiness of some statesmen, its health and labour activities were and still are indispensable.—JOHN BULL.

The Flying Dutchman

Severely wounded, bleeding to death, he hacked his way back into the blazing aircraft to save the life of the unconscious pilot.



One of the Mosquitoes was left behind

By B. L. Jacot

WHEN they had rushed him out to the crash, the doctor said: "This man is in a bad way. If we're going to save him he must have a blood transfusion at once. Get moving. . . ."

The Mosquito near by was blazing fiercely, a white-hot tangle, spouting flames in the dusk.

The ambulance men shielded their faces as they raised the unconscious figure on to the stretcher they had placed upon the turf.

They rushed him to hospital and he got his immediate blood transfusion. It saved his life.

The R.A.F. doctor said in his report: "It is almost impossible to credit that this man, a hand's-span from death himself, should, in that dangerous state, have been able to force his way into a blazing aircraft and drag out his companion."

Bad Luck

Yet this is exactly what he had done. He is a Dutchman—a lieutenant of the Royal Netherlands Naval Air Service, and by the rules of his service he must be anonymous. But the name of the man whose life he saved is Group Captain L. W. C. Bower, D.F.C., of Christchurch, Hants.

The Mosquitoes were in formation at low level roaring up on their target, and the Group Captain, flying as pilot with the Flying Dutchman as his observer, saw they were going to take the enemy by surprise.

The leader of the formation took his bombers plumb over the target and down went the bombs.

In a flash, at nearly seven miles a minute, the Mosquitoes were clear of ground defences and away.

A very successful operation, the Group Captain thought.

He turned to watch the solitary Mosquito they had left behind. This was the leader of the formation's 'plane, circling back to get photographs of the destruction that swift blow had wrought.

Group Captain Bower was himself now the leader of the formation headed like streaks of light for home. The commanding officer of this day bomber wing of the 2nd Tactical Air Force, he was well satisfied But . . . bad luck lay ahead.

As they crossed a railway at low altitude over Northern France the formation ran into the fire of a flak train the Germans had moved up. A cloud of flak bursts peppered the neat geometry of the flying Mosquitoes.

In Great Pain

The Flying Dutchman in his observer's seat felt the machine rock and swing violently, for a moment out of control. The Mosquito swung out and dived steeply. But it recovered before hitting the ground. The formation drew away, leaving the limping bomber behind.

The Dutchman tried the intercom., but it was not working.

Smoke enveloped the starboard wing, and as the machine took an even keel he saw that the starboard engine was shot away. He could see the pilot struggling with the controls. His movements were slow and none too steady.

"I did not think," he afterwards said, "that we should get far. I thought we were done. But, although he was hit and in great pain, the pilot would not give up. He kept control."

He did not know it then, but the hydraulic system was unserviceable. The Mosquito was virtually out of control. For some time the machine headed on, losing height, but the course was eastwards of that of the formation.

Loud Explosion

The Dutchman managed to make contact with the pilot and exert considerable pressure on the rudder bar. In this way, between them, they managed to keep the Mosquito trimmed and to maintain a truer course.

Other crews of the formation, as the burning machine was left behind, reported that it was obscured in a heavy trail of black smoke. They gave it up for lost.

The Group Captain managed to strike the English coast, but as land once more lay close under their wings a sudden explosion filled the cockpit with flames and smoke.

"It was impossible to see the instruments," the Dutchman said. "I could not tell whether the pilot had lost consciousness, or whether he was still attempting to fly the machine."

This was the last thing the Dutchman clearly remembers.

The story now has to be taken up by R.A.F. ground personnel at a station somewhere in England.

They report that a Mosquito, well ablaze and trailing a dense cloud of smoke, passed low over trees in the distance and disappeared from sight. A moment later a loud explosion was heard and a column of smoke, streaked with orange tongues of flame, rose in the sky.

When they reached the scene with the fire-fighting section they saw, in the dusk, outlined against the flames, a figure stagger *back into the inferno.*

Portions of the burning machine were seen to sail through the air from out of the mass of smoke.

As the cars jerked to a stop a man with his clothing alight emerged from the flaming machine. He was dragging another man, and his clothing, too, was burning.

In a few steps the first figure collapsed to lie over the second, and the clothing of both began to blaze.

In a matter of seconds the fire-fighting section swamped the burning clothing and dragged the two men away from the scorching heat. The ambulance with the station doctor arrived. . . .

This is the story of the crash in the words of the Flying Dutchman.

"The Group Captain crash-landed the machine, and though it was impossible for me to know what was happening he maintained control to the end.

"I was injured in the crash, but the shock seemed to key me up to realities after that very unpleasant time in the burning machine with everything obscured by bursts of flame and smoke.

"I found I had been thrown clear, and the first thing that struck me was that the pilot was nowhere to be seen. Obviously he was still inside, and the wreckage was getting hotter every second.

"I could not get into the 'plane to pull him out, so I had to tear pieces of the burning fuselage away to get inside. I found him and managed to drag him out.

"I thought he was dead, for his body burnt my hands to touch it. I could not get far with him, but luckily the R.A.F. men were already on the scene and they saved the situation."

Superhuman Strength

The Flying Dutchman, in fact, was severely injured in that crash. He should have been unconscious, for he was losing blood at a rate that would have killed him in a matter of a few minutes. In spite of this he found the strength to tear the burning machine apart and to enter that incandescent hell.

He summoned the strength to find his companion and to drag him to safety before collapsing himself. And both are recovering.

When people talk of the Dutch as "Stout Allies" you can believe them.

Japanese Fail to Amuse Their Guests

A CERTAIN Japanese H.Q. chef has caused more trouble for the Japanese in Malaya than all the armed resistance or allied propaganda they have met there.

It will be a long time—if ever—before the Nipponese invaders live down the particular episode concerned.

On the face of it the idea was a good one.

But it came unstuck!

High-ranking officers of the Japanese occupation troops in Paliang, anxious to impress the Malayans with their friendly intentions, invited a group of leading citizens to a "friendship party."

* * *

The highlight of the jamboree was a magnificent dinner and the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner was ram steaks with local vegetables and accessories.

It was very tender steak, too.

That was the snag!

Complimentary remarks by the guests caused one of the Jap officers to praise the chef, who, it appeared, had gone out specially that day, accompanied by five soldiers with bayonets, to seize a particularly choice ram and bring it to H.Q.

To the officer's astonishment, this revelation, far from impressing the guests, seemed to cast a mysterious gloom over the party.

* * *

The trouble was that the Japanese, in spite of their vaunted thoroughness, had failed to appreciate what amounts in Malaya to a national sentiment.

What bull fighting is to Spain, ram-fighting is to Malaya!

So although ram steaks are served in the country, they are always tough, for no rams are killed for the table until they have passed the prime of their fighting lives.

Which explains why the guests, on departing from the "friendship party," immediately set on foot inquiries as to the former identity of the steaks.

To their utter horror, it became clear that they had been eating the foully murdered flesh of the great Kuala!

Kuala! Idol of the people! Undefeated champion of all the states of Malaya! Known to tens of thousands of Malayans as "good old Kuala."

The effect of this news on Malayans was precisely that which would have been caused in Spain if it had become known that the most famous of all Spanish matadors had been murdered in cold blood by Japanese occupation troops.

Such a wave of hatred swept over the country that its repercussions are reported to have reached Tokyo itself.

Naturally, the story is creating great glee in China.

* * *

And not merely because it represents a major defeat for Japanese diplomacy, but because it was also an outstanding example of allied loyalty and initiative.

The chef, who knew very well what importance attached to Kuala the Ram, and who deliberately picked him for the feast, was himself Chinese!

PATRICK SPENCER.

HAROLD A. ALBERT writes of a Yorkshireman whose job in life is to blow things sky-high—and to foster his genius for destruction in the Allied cause.

Champion of the Scorched Earth

FORSTER was happy. "We're cooking up a nice little fire," he said.

He looked up at the waistbands of gun-cotton tied around the power-house generators. He had fixed up a chain of oilpipes to flood a 3-ft. depth of the reinforced concrete floor so that, at the instant of explosion, the whole place would become an ocean of livid, roaring flame.

And above the transformers he had a store of 6,300 gallon drums of oil. A hundred or so at a time, as the flooring supports burned away, they'd roll into the main fire—boiling, exploding, gas-bubbles of the world's biggest blaze.

In the Day's Work

The Japanese were only seven miles away. The night sky reflected the glare of burning bungalows, the crimson glow from the forests of derricks, Wally Forster himself had set burning.

But now, at midnight, he stood in the compound dug-out ready to set off his prize bonfire—thousands of gallons of oil and £250,000 worth of power-house machinery.

It was the power house that generated current for 85 per cent. of Burma's entire oil production. It was the target that the Japs hoped above all to capture.

With his Army pattern .38, Wally fired a shot into the air.

One shot— the signal to the men of the Gloucesters who had remained guarding the compound to get clear.

Two shots—the "get ready" signal.

Three shots for "here we go . . ."

Zoom!

But the effect of an outsize blast is the utter silence of deafness. The effect of all hell ablaze is merely a gushing glare that turns the night into leaping patterns of light and darkness.

That's how it was with Wally Forster, crouched less than 100 yards from the mighty explosion.

It was all over too soon. And maybe he decided, as the flames gushed through the roof wall, that he'd seen it all before.

For pure spectacle, for instance, the bonfire didn't compare with the fun he'd had in a machine-shop only a day or two before—damaging each of fifty huge lathes with a small explosive charge, then flooding the floor around with a lake of crude oil—and setting it alight.

No Oil for Japan

Or it didn't compare as a job of work with the task of destroying twenty-four great tanks that held a million gallons of oil apiece—not to mention a host of smaller tanks containing from 100,000 to 500,000 gallons.

Before Wally left them, they were all coughing smoke up to 15,000 ft., vapour up to 19,000 ft. But to make sure, he visited the oilfield again an hour or two before the Japs moved in. . . .

That is how Walter Leslie Forster, of Leeds, gained the rose-pink ribbon of the C.B.E. The phrase they used at the time: "For distinguished war services" conceals many thrills.

Probably before the award was announced, Wally was away on another of his secret missions, "blowing up stoof."

He has been called "the best saboteur in the world." He lives on dynamite.

Imagine to yourself a quiet, scholarly man with a soft, droopy moustache—the kind of man who says little but gets things done . . .

He didn't say much, back in 1941, when he was sent to Russia to advise Soviet engineers on their scorched earth programme. He just looked around, taught them all he knew, visited the secret areas of the Caucasus—and came back with a mind packed with hot tips on factory-wrecking.

In 1942, thanks to Forster's supervision, British, Soviet and American methods went into the destruction of the Rangoon refineries—the job that left not a drop of oil for the Japs nor a single item of workable machinery.

He caught the last boat out on the very day the Japs moved in.

Then he went through Burma like a whirlwind, heading a gang of wreckage experts whose exploits vie with "Wingate's Follies."

They didn't miss a tank of oil, a single water reservoir or a length of pipe-line.

Crews with acetylene torches scorched up fly-wheels, shafts, hoisting drums and casing elevators simply by cutting huge chunks out of them.

Equipment enough to drill fifty wells in Central Burma alone went west in this fashion.

The 300-mile pipe-line down-country from the Yenangyaung fields was a headache and a half.

Forster plugged the pipe with cement at every river crossing, smashed the section pumps, blew up the bridges and left a long, long trail of dynamited débris.

Six hundred oil wells went west. Hundreds of wooden derricks flared like matchsticks.

The lookouts of the Jap advance guards must have rejoiced because he left the steel derricks still standing.

"We didn't bother," Forster told me. "We rammed a sweet mixture of concrete and scrap down the wells. It would be easier to bore a new well than try to punch through that kind of plugging.

And, along roads strafed by Jap fighters, through plantations where he'd sometimes stop his car and get to work with a petrol can at the foot of a wooden derrick, Wally made a last-minute survey of the T.N.T. trail.

In a bungalow district where the oilfield management had lived he had time on his hands while awaiting a last-minute explosion.

Wally couldn't rest. With a couple of Aussie newspapermen he went through the bungalows, smashing the telephones by swinging them against the floors.

They might have been useful otherwise to Japanese Signals.

Then it was touch-off hour for the explosion. Forster finished the job—and moved on.

He made mincemeat of a refinery that had turned out 250,000 gallons of petrol a month.

Where Is He Now?

That is why higher-ups who know the debits and credits weren't worried overmuch by the Japs profitless Burma victories.

That is why, to-day, the Allies open at their own sweet will a new war-front in North Burma—and why the Japs haven't much chance of hitting back.

Forster left them no oil, no machinery, no fruits of victory.

Redrilling any one of the Burma fields would have cost the Japs £10,000,000. And they've never had the specialists or the equipment to get Burma oil flowing again. (We have both, but the saga of reconstruction is yet to be written.)

Wally Forster remains just what he was then—one of the war's biggest mystery men.

Now he may be in Italy or the Balkans, lying low in Ploesti or talking plans with the high-ups in Cairo. Your guess is as good as mine. But knowing Forster and his genius for destruction, I'm sure that his activities right now bode no good to the enemy.

He went through Burma like a whirlwind, destroying everything that might help the Japanese

The

by A. G. GARDINER

NOW the general advance has been sounded. At last we are at grips with the enemy all round the compass. There will be no pause till the "All clear" of victory is heard.

It was fitting that the honour of giving the signal should fall to the grand Army under General Alexander, which first broke the spell of German invincibility at El Alamein, chased Rommel out of Africa, and destroyed the Axis and won the Mediterranean.

It was the more fitting because that Army is symbolic of the cause. In its ranks are elements of all the free world outside Russia—American and British, French and Poles, Czechs and Norwegians, Australians, South Africans, Indians.

Now that the tiger is caged and the hour of decision has come, we may take stock of the balance of forces that will meet in the battle that will settle the fate of the world.

I say "the battle" because, although the hostilities will range over 5,000 miles of frontiers, they will all be phases of a single operation. The plan of attack is a comprehensive whole, and what happens in one field must be seen in relation to what is happening over the whole circumference of things.

* * *

The first fact to seize is that the Allies, being on the offensive, will dictate the scheme of battle. This has an important bearing on the relative values of the opposing forces.

While Hitler was on the offensive his possession of the whole Continent was an enormous factor in his favour. His power was centralised. That of his enemy was scattered and fragmentary. He was surrounded by buffer States which absorbed any blow that was delivered against him.

He had interior lines. He could strike instantly in whatever direction would most disorganise his enemy. The vastness of his stronghold was a chief source of his strength. We could not get at grips with him.

This is the case no longer. Now that he has lost the initiative, the vastness of his fortress is a chief source of his weakness.

It was one thing to launch an attack on any front he chose. It is quite another thing to be compelled to defend himself on any front that the Allies choose.

Once he was invulnerable on all fronts. Now he is vulnerable on every front. His 5,000 miles of frontier have become a nightmare.

* * *

The next fact to seize is the isolation of Germany as compared with the solidarity of the Allies. We are in direct contact with each other. We move into action as a unit of power subject to a single strategy.

No geographical obstacle baulks us. The seas are ours. The air is ours. We can time our blows. We can place our shots. We can keep the enemy on the run. We can catch him on the wrong foot.

He cannot tell where the chief danger is coming—east, west or south. We dictate. He is kept guessing.

And his isolation increases as the tide flows against him. He has lost his only

Beast at Bay

serious ally in Europe. As his credit falls his satellites waver and the neutrals see how the cat is going to jump.

Turkey refuses him chrome. Spain cuts his supplies of wolfram; Portugal does the same.

The blockade cuts him off from his only other ally. Japan has the oil and the rubber that he needs, and he has the tools that Japan needs, but they cannot exchange. They are in watertight compartments.

The one thing that Hitler hoped that Tojo would do for him has not been done and cannot now be done. He hoped that Tojo would give Stalin a second front.

In that hope he declared war on the United States! He bought a pig in a poke. He thought there was honour among thieves. He should have known his Tojo better.

* * *

Against these major facts we must set others less favourable. The *Gestapo* still has Germany well in hand, and the spirit of the army is still unbroken.

That Hitler's resources are badly strained is beyond doubt. Transport, fuel, manpower, air power, now even food supplies are sources of alarm. The production of munitions is being slowed down by the terrific day and night bombardment of Germany's power house. The scientific thoroughness of that attack will furnish the most sensational revelation of the war.

The Rumanian oil supply has been cut by 75 per cent. Formidable bottlenecks, as in the case of ball-bearings, have been created.

The effect of these things, like the effects of the blockade, are slow in appearing, but are certain and inexorable.

But they will not bring the collapse until the last hope to which Hitler clings is disposed of. The hope is of such a victory in the West as will change the current of the war.

Once defeated, the Anglo-American invasion can never be attempted again. That is the constant theme of Goebbels' propaganda. And faced with a military stalemate (so runs the argument), we and the Americans may be inveigled into the orbit of Germany against Russia.

It is the vice of the gangster mind that it can only think in gangster terms of what gangsters like themselves would do.

* * *

But the point for us to grasp is that the enemy will gamble everything on this last hope. To implement it they are hoarding their resources.

If they have yielded the sky in Russia, in Italy, even in Germany, it is because resistance to the invasion has priority over every other claim.

If the U-boat war in the Atlantic has petered out, it is not only that our defensive measures have won the battle.

They have done that. But the fact is due also to the concentration of the submarine weapon in the narrow seas of the Channel.

We have come to dismiss the enemy's threats of "secret weapons" as so much bluff. But it is certain that if they have any surprise to spring it will be sprung against the invasion.

The German mind is hag-ridden by military doctrine, and there is no doctrine it reverences more than that of the utmost aggregation of force at what it conceives to be the critical point.

And the invasion is such a stupendous and unprecedented venture that the Germans may well decide to risk disaster everywhere for the chance of pulling off a decisive victory here.

* * *

I think they will be disappointed. Mercifully the hot-heads who badgered the Government to plunge into this vast undertaking two years ago were not heeded.

We have delayed the stroke until we have gained the conditions that could alone justify so vast a risk.

The first is the experience of these triphibious operations learned at Dieppe, Algiers, Sicily, Salerno and Anzio.

The second is such a supremacy of force, on sea, on land, and in the air, that should

Old readers call him "The man who is always right." Others know him as "A. G. G." Or, if you wish to be formal, he is Mr. A. G. Gardiner

enable us to sustain the heaviest rebuffs and still win through.

And the third is a strategic plan that was only practicable when the whole circumference of Hitler's fortress was under the hammer from without.

THE CONDITIONS ARE HERE. THE GREAT VENTURE HAS BEGUN. IT WILL BE A STERN STRUGGLE, AND WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR GRIEVOUS LOSSES AND HEAVY DISAPPOINTMENTS.

But we shall win through. And when we have won through Germany will collapse and civilisation will emerge from the shambles which Hitler has made of Europe.

What is the Real Position of China?

ROOSEVELT is rushing Vice-President Wallace to Chungking.

China's collapse is feared by Washington. Her economic situation is as parlous as her military plight. The war may be lengthened by years. . . .

So we read one day last week. But next day the headlines proclaimed:

Great new Chinese offensive. Chiang's forces are driving to link up with General Stilwell's army and to free the Burma Road. . . .

Such reports were enough to make anyone's head swim. But really the scene is as clear as the Cotswolds on a fine day; all we have to do is to bring its features into focus in the mind's camera.

★ ★ ★

Look first at the Chinese soldiers who hold a 1,500-mile front. Nearly all are young, though their faces are lined and their eyes tired.

Some experts regard them as the world's best troops. Certainly their fatalism, fortitude and courage are unsurpassed.

Is he the world's best soldier?

When tea is scarce they drink hot water. Meat is a rare luxury to them; they live on rice, boiled millet, salt vegetables and a doughy mass that passes for bread.

The private's pay is 5s. a week. There are no allowances for dependants, though his family is allowed to buy rice cheaply—and an only son is never called up.

Chungking has 5,000,000 of these men, with another 10,000,000 training or in reserve. Probably 50,000,000 could be raised in all.

And there are only 500,000 Japanese now in China—for the enemy has lost at least 2,000,000 men since the war began in 1937.

But, as you know, the Chinese are ill-armed. Though their womenfolk toil in munition factories, there is an appalling shortage of equipment of all kinds.

Again, Chungking controls nearly all southern and central China, *except* the main railways, main roads and ports, which cannot be freed without the assistance of Allied tanks and 'planes.

That, in turn, means opening the Burma Road. Meanwhile, 600,000 Chinese soldiers continue to fight *behind* the enemy lines.

Unfortunately, many of their comrades in still-free China are divided into two opposing camps.

There is bitter hostility between Chiang Kai-shek's Government and the Communists. The latter have practically no weapons, but would fight the Japanese if they could. Chiang's troops have small arms, but are largely engaged in watching the Communist forces.

It is a regrettable fact that conservative Chiang shows increasing signs of a hankering for complete dictatorship, and his recent book reviling the Allies was hardly opportune.

★ ★ ★

Economically, China is exhausted. She is suffering from inflation. She is weakened by famines.

Her cities have been fired by the Japanese, or by her own troops to prevent them from falling into the invader's grip. In the first air raid on Chungking, 10,000 people were killed or injured.

And *60,000,000* of her people have been driven from home.

So her position is grave. But not hopeless. It is highly unlikely that she will collapse before the United States and Britain, freed from war in the west, reconquer Burma and sweep into China.

It is in preparation for that move, and to obtain a few more supplies meanwhile, that a Chinese army is now trying to link up with General Stilwell's forces in Burma.

J. E. TRUBY.

Silent Sam's Last Words

"You've got to have a target!"

THEY used to call her old man Silent Sam, because he never said a word. They still call him Silent Sam. He never says a word.

Her name (as the song says of her more famous namesake) was Mary, and, like another girl, she was the pride of an alley—Emerald Alley. Silent Sam wasn't.

Silent Sam properly got on everybody's nerves. It was a waste of time trying to get anything out of him.

If you said "Good morning" to him he'd ease up off what was left of the gate he was always going to repair, but never did, take out his pipe, peer into it, prod it with his forefinger, look at the sky, say "Ah!" and put his pipe back.

They used to say that Sarah, Mary's mother, had gone to heaven because she'd grown tired of waiting for an answer here below.

Why Mary slaved at the office all day and left him sagging over the gate nobody seemed to know. There had been a rumour that Silent Sam was waiting for a job, but that rumour had died off in its youth.

Mary herself couldn't get three words in a row out of him. He'd potter about the yard, or potter about the parlour, and take out his pipe and peer into it and prod it with his forefinger and say "Ah!" and leave it at that. And he'd been the same ever since Mary could remember.

He must have thought a lot. There was nothing else he ever did.

Even when Mary brought Henry home for the first time Silent Sam only took out his pipe and peered into it and prodded it with his forefinger and looked at Henry and said "Ah!" and went out and pottered in the yard.

And even when Mary said "We'll be getting married next May, Pa"—even then she got nothing out of Silent Sam.

"Henry's got his eye on a little house out at Laburnum Park," Mary told her father. "Of course, you'll come and live with us," she added.

Sam pottered to the window and stared at as much of Emerald Alley as he could see. He hated the place. Always had. But he'd never had the ambition necessary to get out. At least, he'd had the ambition, but it seemed you needed to *work* as well.

HE'D always meant to get down to work in the end, but first Sarah and then Mary took (as it were) the words out of his mouth, and now he was getting on and the big chance had gone by.

Sam looked at Emerald Alley and sighed and shook his head and thought of Laburnum Park and sighed and shook his head again and fell to thinking about lost opportunities.

And when Henry called that evening to take Mary out, Sam astonished that little corner of the world by taking out his pipe and peering into it and prodding it with his forefinger and looking at Henry and saying, "Henry, just come into the parlour a minute, will you? I want a word with you." Sixteen words. All at once.

And when he got Henry into the parlour he started properly. He wanted to know, to begin with, if Henry intended to be an estate agent's clerk all his life, and if Laburnum Park was the sort of place he'd like Mary to grow old in.

Henry hadn't thought about it, and said so, and Sam began to go into strange details.

You've got to have a target, he told Henry. You've got to aim at something in this life. If you don't aim at a thousand you'll never get a million. If you don't aim at a Morris you'll never get a Rolls. You've got to fix your eye.

"Look at me," he said with a shake of the head. "I had my aims once. I had my target. But I didn't fix my eye. Now, in my declining years, I'm just an awful warning."

Henry, just out of politeness, said he wouldn't say that.

"Being an estate agent's clerk and living in Laburnum Park all your life isn't much of an aim," said Sam. "It isn't fixing your eye. It's only half-opening it. Now, if a bright young fellow like you really *knew* what he was after——"

AND he went on to say that if you could get a bit of land you could develop it, and if you could get hold of a man with a bit of money you could develop him.

If you knew your target there was nothing you couldn't do, provided you kept your eye fixed. And provided you stopped working for somebody else and let somebody else work for you.

("As I've always done," he might have added; "only I didn't keep my eye fixed.")

Henry was astounded. So was Mary. About half-past ten she went into the parlour and said it didn't seem to be much good going out that night, did it? So Henry took her to the ragtag gate to say good-night.

"I thought you said your pa never spoke," he said.

"What's been happening?" Mary asked.

"He's been talking," said Henry.

"Talking?"

"I couldn't get a word in edgeways. And, you know, he's done me a bit of good. He's got a brain in his head, your pa has. He's given me an idea. I'll work it out and see what he thinks about it to-morrow night."

Henry gave Mary her good-night kiss.

"Maybe," he said, "it'll be something better than Laburnum Park. You wait and see."

And Mary was so bewildered that she never slept a wink that night.

Neither did Sam. His vocal chords were still burning when the sun came up. He got up early and went round to the chemist's for some throat pastilles and a gargle.

The change in Silent Sam would have seemed like a miracle to a careless observer. Whenever Henry showed his nose in the doorway the old boy began. Henry had always considered himself a talkative sort of chap, but the opportunities of yesterday no longer seemed to come his way. He spent most of his time listening.

Even that first idea which he outlined to Sam became a mere theme for Sam's oratory. He never got past the outlines, but Sam did. Sam went on and on and on, elaborating this and building up that, until Henry nearly burst—choked by the words which he hadn't an opportunity to get out.

"I can see what it is," said Sam. "You've fixed your eye on Pluto Crescent for Mary by the time she's forty."

Henry blushed. He was going to say yes, well, that was the idea, but he never got farther than "Yes, well——." Sam swamped him with a loaded-up speech.

"What's wrong," he wanted to know, "with taking her there to start with?"

"To start with?"

And Sam talked and talked and talked and showed Henry how it could be done. And Henry had to admit it could.

And once more Mary never got out for the evening.

It began to get chronic. After a week or so Henry started to find Sam waiting for him at the corner of Emerald Alley each evening, and he had to have ten minutes or so of him before he even set eyes on Mary. And once when they went to the recreation ground for an hour's peace Sam went with them. And talked.

You'd have had to admit that there was sense in all that Sam said. Only you'd never have had the chance to admit it. About the only chance to exercise his tongue that Henry ever got was at the office.

After his first few listenings to Sam, Henry had had half a mind to tell the boss to go to blazes and to clear out and start on his own somewhere. But after a bit he realised that the better course was to knock a few ideas into the boss's head and get him moving.

They were Sam's ideas, most of them, but that didn't matter. They got knocked in, and the boss got moving.

PRESENTLY the boss began to worry in case such a bright young man as Henry went elsewhere. He gave him a pound a week rise, and when Henry laughed he gave him two. He began to buy land when Henry said "Buy." He began to sell land when Henry said "Sell." He began to build houses when Henry said "Build."

And that was the start of Utopia Estates, Ltd., and if you've never heard of Utopia Estates, Ltd., you can't have been living in that part of the world.

It was one of the quickest things that ever happened.

In November Henry was a partner and the boss was sweating at nights in case he got run over. In January Henry had stopped using the firm's little runabout. He was driving his own car and taking Mary out for long runs each week-end. And listening. For, of course, father went, too. And talked.

The strain began to show on Henry and Mary. Henry even began to wonder if he'd forget in time how to pronounce simple words through lack of practice. Also he began to wonder if the old boy and the Silent Sam of Emerald Alley's discarded legend had ever been one and the same man.

For Sam now was talking about anything. With Henry's feet permanently planted on the road to success there was no longer any need to talk about targets and fixed eyes. So Sam just went on to talk about anything under the sun. And you'd be surprised how many things there are under the sun.

Henry stopped thinking after a time. His brain didn't seem to work any more when he ran into Sam. Only his ears.

He and Mary tried dodging Sam, but that didn't always work. Sam didn't seem to notice. The neighbours noticed, but Sam didn't seem to.

One of the neighbours said one day:

"Sam, you talk too much. You'll get on the young people's nerves. They want a bit of time to themselves sometimes, you know. They don't always want to be listening to you."

But Sam only winked, and the neighbour wondered what on earth *that* meant.

You Must Learn How To Relax

HUMAN MACHINE

In these days of strain it is more important than ever to know how to relax.

Now that is not at all the same thing as knowing how to stop doing everything and do nothing. That is a more or less impossible thing.

It is, in fact, doubtful whether any ordinary person can achieve it. One or two Indian mystics are reputed to be able to reach a state of complete "absence," as it were, but for the ordinary mortal it is neither possible nor desirable.

Relaxation is much more easily obtained. It is achieved by nothing more difficult than a change of interest.

That is the real value of having a hobby—which is not something with which to pass away an idle moment, but something that makes you turn all your energies in a different direction.

"Hobbies," said the late G. K. Chesterton, "have a character that runs parallel to practical, professional effort, and is not merely a reaction from it. It is not merely taking exercise; it is doing work. It is not merely exercising the body instead of the mind, an excellent, but now largely a recognised thing. It is exercising the rest of the mind; now an almost neglected thing."

You see the difference? Doing nothing, or even doing something in a desultory, dilettante fashion is not in the least likely to provide relaxation.

It is, indeed, much more likely to produce boredom.

To produce mental rest and ease you must use fully and energetically all those parts of your mind that have not been used in your daily work.

What you use them on doesn't matter—but use them. Then that old saying that "there's no fun like work" won't seem so silly.

By Will Scott

May drew near, and Henry brought the great news.

"I've got a house in Pluto Crescent," he said. "*That's* where we're going to start."

"I told you," said Sam, "what you could do if you tried. Laburnum Park! Ha! ha!"

That night, just before the good-night kiss, Henry was very thoughtful.

"Do we . . ." he said. "Do we *have* to have the old man to live with us?"

Mary sighed.

"I promised him," she said weakly.

"He'll talk Pluto Crescent to death," said Henry. "He'll talk us to death. . . . It's ghastly."

And the next week-end, when they went into the country in Henry's posh car, Henry pulled up (and it seemed quite casual) outside a little cottage with diamond-paned windows and creeper up the walls and a roofed gate.

"*That* looks nice!" he said.

"*Doesn't* it look nice!" said Sam.

"For sale, too," said Henry.

And then he said (and it, too, seemed quite casual):

"Tell you what, Pa. I'll buy that for *you* I can just see you in a place like that. And I'll throw in two quid a week and we'll call it—well, a sort of wedding present to the bride's father, eh?"

And so there you are. At least, there Sam is.

They call him Silent Sam in the village. If you say "Good morning" to him he'll ease up off the roofed gate and take out his pipe and peer into it and prod it with his forefinger and look at the sky and say "Ah!" and put his pipe back. You can't get three words in a row out of him.

But he smiles a lot. To himself. And thinks.

He thinks something like this:

"Just what I've always wanted. . . . With two quid a week thrown in. Remarkable what you can do if you've got an aim and keep your eye fixed. I'd have been as miserable as hell in Laburnum Park."

But sometimes he strokes his throat as he goes on thinking:

"What with pastilles and gargle and the *time*, though, it took a bit of pulling off."

Good Thoughts

THE things we think are so often quite different to what we do.
For thoughts have a disconcerting way of vanishing into life's blue.
They're so high-impulsed, and so fleeting, and they fade with such airiness. We think great thoughts but somehow end in doing so much less.

The good things that we think about transfuse our inmost mind, they shine across life's dreary path and help us new faith to find. Yet we banish them so easily for lesser thoughts and deeds, and break the string of good intent to scatter all its beads.

But thoughts are the wheels of purpose, and unless they're made secure, each dream, each thought, and impulse, will fail ere it can mature. Then thinking becomes indulgence and just a mirage of the heart. Much better one thought carried out than a host of good ones let depart.

SO let us link our good thoughts with their counterpart good deeds, for thoughts not utilised are tools lost, which one dearly needs.—J. M.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

NO BLISS FOR HOPEFUL MATCH-MAKERS

EVEN in these days, when so many Service men and women from overseas are in this country, lonely hearts need not beat in solitude.

At least, that is the view of the genial gentleman who directs an agency called "Matrimonial Bliss" from an address in Stamford Brook Road, Hammersmith, London, W.6.

"Matrimonial Bliss" is actually the trading name of this man, who, mixing commerce with love, signs his letters to lonely people "P. (for Peter) Bliss."

He has a motto all his own—though you may not think it wonderfully original—printed in block capitals on his notepaper. It is just this: "Happiness does not consist in possessing much, but in hoping and loving much."

He Does the Rest

And, whether you are a member of the Services, a widow or widower, a business man, old or young, you are welcomed into the realms of "Matrimonial Bliss," and its organiser does the rest.

When you answer one of his advertisements you receive a letter stating that he always likes to interview a new client whenever convenient.

He hastens to assure you that he has a large selection of clients on his lists suitable for all classes, and—what is perhaps more important—fees to suit all pockets.

Now, despite the sentiments expressed in his motto, Mr. Bliss seems much more keen, once he has got your name and address, to draw in your fees than to deal with your requirements in the matrimonial market.

One of his recent clients is a widow who, lonely in London, went to interview him at his request. She found the headquarters an ordinary house, but was not allowed in.

A man, who turned out to be the genial Mr. Bliss, was seated outside in a car, and it was in this that the interview took place.

Bliss said he had to rush off to another appointment, and bluntly added that he would put her on his register, with full particulars of her requirements, on payment of £5 5s.—*which he asked for there and then.*

The woman hadn't anything like this amount with her, and he finally agreed to take a 10s. note on account!

Long Silence

A few days later she received a crudely written letter, on cheap notepaper, asking for a further instalment. She sent one in the belief that she would meet a congenial friend through the agency, but she was soon to be disillusioned.

In due course she received a further request for the balance of £3 3s., and the assurance that he was doing his best for her.

She paid the whole of the £5 5s., and waiting some weeks for the promised information, next received a letter which

This is "Matrimonial Bliss"

said that he would do all he could for her. He added a statement to the effect that though he had sent her name to several people, they may not have bothered to write to her.

Further letters from the widow have been ignored, even though months have since passed.

This is a typical case of what can happen when people get into touch with agencies of this kind.

From the facts I have given, most people will agree that it is obviously time some official steps were taken to stop him. I hope, too, that local newspapers will henceforth ban his advertisements.

Gone Away

Actually the name of this impudent matrimonial agent is not Bliss at all. It is Percy Renton.

Some months ago I dealt with a similar firm, "The Central Marriage Agency," of Oxford Street, London, directed by an "Elizabeth Graham-Berkeley." Many people paid it money for nothing, and now the concern has closed down and letters are returned marked "Gone Away."

For more reasons than one—and they need not be emphasised—stringent official attention must be paid to people like "Mr. Bliss" and "Elizabeth Graham-Berkeley."

I do not say that these two particular cases fall into the same category as others on my list, but the fact remains that, once introductions have been effected, there is the ever-existent danger of trouble or even tragedy ensuing.

My records contain some pitiful cases that prove this all too realistically.

In one case, selected at random, a young girl was grossly assaulted by a half-crazy brute she met in this way.

In another, a widow lost every penny she possessed — several hundreds of pounds—to a man who had been through several forms of marriage with other dupes.

Bigamy has more than once been committed by men who have used matrimonial agencies solely as a means of finding women with money.

It is within my knowledge that certain military authorities have had to make inquiries about other agencies that specialise in introducing soldiers to members of the opposite sex.

Naturally, when sending in particulars for registration, Servicemen divulge information about the location of troops and, in notifying their change of station or address, unwittingly give away military details which could be improperly used if they reached a source other than that for which they were intended.

Matrimonial agencies, as a whole, should in my opinion engage official attention.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. Boardman, The Gables, St. Michael's Grove, Bolton-le-Sands, Carnforth, Lancs, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information about any suspected scandal or ramp calling for investigation is gladly looked into. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Ducks and Dupes

FOR sheer cheek and impudence, Mr. H. Macdonald, of Handpost Farm, Wokingham, Berkshire, merits some publicity that he may not welcome.

With a small army of solicitors, county court officials and victims on his track, he carries on a business just as though everything "down on the farm" is running in perfect order and harmony.

His chief clients are small farmers and backyard poultry keepers.

Some newspapers, for reasons which are not surprising, have banned his advertisements. But many local papers still accept Mr. Macdonald at his word.

"You will have plenty of eggs all the year round," one recent announcement runs, "if you keep Khaki Campbell Ducks. I can supply splendid young ducks, laying and on the point of laying, for 25s. each or £15 a dozen. Carriage paid on three or more."

Lofty allusions to his bankers, to the fact that satisfaction is guaranteed at all times, and that Macdonald has hosts of satisfied customers all over the British Isles, further tend to suggest that he is able to carry out his proud boast that "My stock will produce handsome profits for you."

He has been sued in county courts by people who sent him money for poultry and who complained that they did not get satisfaction.

A bankruptcy petition was served upon him recently, and the issue of this had the effect of making him pay the particular client concerned—but only because he saw the red light of the bankruptcy court examination looming ahead if he didn't.

Macdonald may hope to do all he says in his advertisements.

But his optimism has been so costly to many clients that others should be warned against expecting all that his advertisements so definitely and unhesitatingly promise.

* * *

UNPLEASANT frauds are being carried out by a clever criminal named Albert England, who, with a string of aliases far too long to mention in full, has lately been also known as "A. George," "H. Clark," "F. Pearce," and "J. Matthews."

He calls on people who want a little house decorating done, and, handing over a visiting card that gives a genuine local address, asks if he might undertake the work as he is in need of extra money and is willing to do it on Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

With a dignified and quiet precision he looks at the walls or doors needing attention, offers a most reasonable estimate, and then asks for a "little on account" to buy size, varnish and paint. Generally he aims at getting £3 to £5—and gets it!

Then he vanishes. He was busy in York and district recently, where he started off by advertising for clients. Actually he is "wanted" by the police in various parts of the country, including Liverpool, Salford, Chesterfield, Worcester, Bideford, Wallasey, Leeds, Preston, New Brighton, Bootle and Huddersfield.

When he is caught the jail sentence confronting him will not be by any means his first!

Killing a Rumour that Worries Old Age

★ *If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

MY first letter deals with a sinister rumour which I should like to kill outright.

I hope you won't think I am exaggerating, a man writes, **when I tell you of a tragic belief firmly held by aged and incurable people in this district.**

An old age pensioner complained to me that his health was failing, but he was terrified of going to the local "institution" because his life would be cut short by "the needle." However, he took my advice and went in, and within six weeks he was dead.

As an old admirer of your wisdom I write to you now, not simply because of this old man who perhaps died a natural death, but because thousands of other old people have the same dread.

I have sounded a good many, young and old, and I assure you that 95 per cent. share the same opinion.

From a religious and human point of view, I think if such a thing is done it is wicked. It would be grand if you would clear the air and so help to banish this terrible fear from many hearts.

This "needle" which alarmed the old pensioner so much was not a lethal weapon, but an instrument of mercy.

Injections are given for a score of reasons—to destroy disease, to remove pain, to quieten jagged nerves, to produce a sense of ease and comfort. One ought to be thankful for them.

NO doctor or nurse would dare to put an old man to sleep for ever, however much he was suffering, however hopeless his case appeared. There would be a trial for murder.

I know that some people favour the idea of putting incurable sufferers to sleep, but it could not be done without an Act of Parliament to legalise it. No such Act will be passed.

The Church would fight it tooth and nail.

In my mind there is not the slightest doubt that the old pensioner died from natural causes.

The next letter reminds me that the late Lord Lloyd once said in my hearing that the greatest thing a boy could learn was a certain "devil-may-care" attitude towards life.

He thought it came from a public school education. I suggested that it came from a feeling of financial security which public school boys often have as a birthright.

When he has a background of influence and money a boy can speak his mind without any worry about the consequences.

My youngest nephew has been having a heart-to-heart talk with me, writes a man, **and I want to pass the problem on to you. He has two older brothers who had an elementary school education and then went into business, where they have been very successful.**

He himself was regarded as the clever one in the family. He won a scholarship, had a secondary school education, and then went into a Government job, where he still remains.

He has developed into a tame, unadventurous man, afraid to pass a downright opinion, nervous about taking responsibility. Everything he says is hedged with "buts" and "provided-that's. He is a failure in company. He funks every chance of bettering his position.

Altogether, he despises himself for playing for safety and wants to know what he should do to get more confidence and "personality." If you can offer any advice I will gladly hand it on to him.

This problem illustrates my argument. The nephew has risen to a social position above his brothers and is going through life scared of losing it. He is afraid of committing himself. If he did not care one owl's hoot he could be his real self instead of acting a rôle that does not suit him.

Let him face the worst; let him assume that he has lost his job! Would that be the end of the world for him? Not a bit. He has ability in plenty.

There is no family influence or wealth behind him, but he should have more faith in his own brains.

With good health and good intelligence, he should decline to be overawed by anybody. Instead of stealing furtively into the office he should stride in—not as if he owned the place, but as if he didn't care tuppence who did!

It won't kill him!

The third letter comes from a schoolmaster, from which I quote an extract.

It is true as your correspondent wrote recently, he says, that women can be catty and spiteful, while men generally get on well together. But it is my experience that women teachers are far more conscientious than men.

When all is said and done, which is preferable—a keen, conscientious woman who may occasionally put up her back at her fellow-workers or a genial man who has to be continually watched and pulled up for neglecting his work?

I find that men who get along so well with other men are inclined to slack at their job, while women invariably strive towards a high standard of efficiency.

That is a point of view which is not often put, and I am wondering how much truth there is in it. Is it a fact that the man who is affable and hail-fellow-well-met with everybody is a slacker?

IF that is true, does it follow that the man who is over-conscientious about his work is likely to be "touchy" and even "catty"? We are on the track of a very interesting subject here, and I should like to collect opinions based upon experience.

And, by the way, I was assured by a woman reader that men are every bit as "catty" as women, and that everyone who has worked in a business office knows it.

They Didn't Ask After the Policemen!

WHY, I wonder, do policemen become policemen?

There are so many other things they could become, such as shopwalkers or tea-tasters, and thus retain such popularity as they started life with, if they started life with any.

Perhaps they didn't.

Perhaps there's a small section of the human race with something lacking or something extra in their blood, so that people and dogs don't like them, and they have to band together in later life and call themselves policemen.

★ ★ ★

In the Detestation Derby the first three past the post are, in this order, Any Policeman, Hitler, Castor Oil.

It's very queer.

We have a great admiration for the policeman. We have a great need of him. If a burglar visits us we always send for him. If our neighbour on the right and our neighbour on the left start a fight in front of our gate we do not try to separate them. We do not even join in. We send for the policeman.

When anything goes wrong we send for the policeman to put it right. We know we can't. We know he can. Oh, yes, we have a great admiration for him.

★ ★ ★

But we can't stand the sight of him.

We even try our hardest, most of us, not to buy any tickets for his police sports.

But, oddly enough, we all seem to be agreed that there aren't enough of him. We even want, most of us, international police, to stop naughty nations chalking rude things on other nations' walls.

We've tried all kinds of things in our time, but now, I think, we're most of us agreed that that alone will do the trick.

In fact, it's so plain that the policeman is the top of the list, the very best thing you can get, that it's surprising that some rich woman somewhere doesn't buy one as a pet and keep him in a mother-of-pearl kennel.

But not likely.

If we see a policeman coming down the street we don't dash up to him and clap him on the shoulder and tell him what a fine fellow he is. We turn down the nearest alley and go the long way round, he has such a bad effect on us.

The other day, after a rough-house between police and marines in Washington, four policemen were taken to hospital and three marines were taken to gaol.

Next day half the telephones in Washington were ringing to see how the marines were getting on, and perhaps to see if they'd like some sweet peas and calves'-foot jelly.

★ ★ ★

But nobody troubled to ring up and inquire about the policemen.

"I think your policemen are wonderful."

Yes, but why are they policemen, when they'd be so much happier, so much more popular, digging ground bait for a living? Or even *being* ground bait.

A. G.

VOICE

HOW does Britain look to a battle-toughened officer returning home after service overseas? Here is the answer in a letter written by John Rooke:

Once ashore there were surprises every yard of the way. I have seen many countries at war since I left England. In no other country have I seen so much in the shops.

I had heard that food was rationed, and went into a cake shop diffidently to ask if I could buy a snack. To my astonishment I could have as many cakes, pies and buns as I liked—and did!

The beer, too; friends seemed to think that war time English beer would disappoint me, but not a bit of it.

I've had Canadian beer, Arab beer made from onions and other things, Algerian beer (alleged); Persian sinalco; Iraqui arak; Sicilian and Italian "vino"; and after that English beer was just what I had dreamed of.

Crossing the road was awful, and a ride in a taxi a nightmare. I can't get used to the traffic on the left again!

The coupon business stumped me, and when I tried to buy presents the prices of some of the so-called "economy" articles infuriated me. In many cases they were merely poor quality substitutes for old-time products. Such articles were a false economy and bad for our "British-made" reputation. Many "Utility" goods seem to be misnamed.

Then there seemed to be women everywhere, doing all sorts of unexpected jobs. I hadn't realised just how much of British life is now woman-run, and certainly could not reconcile myself to the idea of employing women porters!

I noticed that people in trains talk to one another now, and are quite cheerful and helpful. How did that change come about?

London was disappointing. So grey, dull and impersonal! There were nasty scars from bomb damage, now all tidied up Foreign uniforms everywhere. Almost all of the buildings looking so shabby and in urgent need of a coat of paint, and I hope the smartening-up of London will be one of the first post-war jobs.

The country villages have changed little outwardly, but I was amazed at the war-like activity of everyone in them.

I spent a short leave on what used to be a quiet, peaceful farm. Now the village is dominated by "the military," and even civilian life is a feverish cycle of war work, meetings, lectures and training. No rest there!

In factories, too, I felt the war tempo. Women at the benches—night shifts following day shifts—slogans on the walls—production graphs going up and up—the pace of the work is astonishing.

May I just add a "Thank you" to the people who wrote to me.

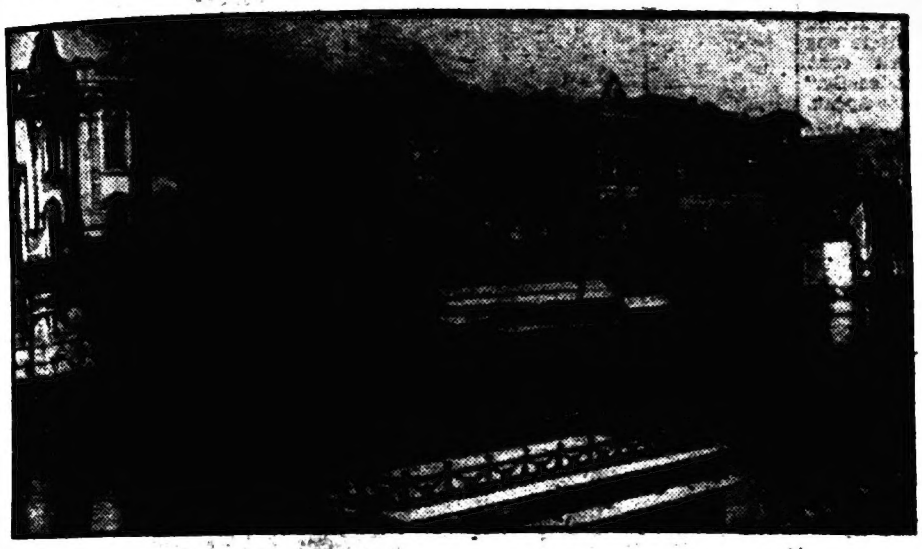
I speak as a soldier—any soldier, your husband, your son—when I say that your letters mean more than you ever dream.

I have seen men go almost crazy about mail, or the lack of it. The Army postal service used often to be thoroughly bad; many of my letters and parcels never reached me, especially if they contained tobacco. But the service has improved a good deal, so don't be discouraged.

Don't impoverish yourselves to send elaborate parcels, for we want for little indeed out there. But it's your letters we always look forward to so eagerly.

The little details about the old home life, the gossip about Mary and the trouble about her homework, Dad's struggles to make things grow on the allotment; the little things that bring home so much nearer—so please keep on writing

OF THE TROOPS



They had a grand time inside the rajah's palace

Tommy Atkins visiting a resplendent Indian rajah's palace—is still Tommy Atkins! Here is Sgmn. J. W. Greenfield, India Command, writing to his mother at Connaught Road, Middlesbrough, Yorks:

That my pal and I were allowed to go into the prince's palace surprised us; we had expected a pool reception at the front gate—as impressive as I imagine the front entrance to Paradise would be.

We marched up to the gate, rang a peal of bells, and by means of a lot of hand-waving and salaaming, explained to the guard that we wanted to have a squint inside.

We waited half an hour, when a little lad appeared and took us inside. Evidently he was some big nob's youngster; his knowledge of English was limited, but he had a most pleasant and cheeky smile.

A servant who escorted us through the palace told us to take off our boots before entering, so we took 'em off. Then he told us to put 'em on again! He must have noticed the holes in my socks!

However, it was a grand palace; huge mirrors, gilt panelling, pile carpets, marble staircases, crystal chandeliers in coloured glass, and the finest billiards-room I have ever seen.

A very pleasant "do," and the total cost was our packets of chewing-gum donated to the young hopeful who first took us inside.

Cut-Off

Here is another first-hand report of the fighting in Burma. Sgt. F. Murgatroyd, India Command, writes to his mother at Clarence Street, Leeds, 7:

The Japs managed to get quite a big force behind our lines, and we were cut off from our own troops and from the outside world.

Instead of attempting to withdraw, we all held our ground, and for three weeks we had the little Yellow Men sitting all round us on the heights.

Food and other supplies were dropped to us by parachutes.

Luckily, we had tanks and artillery, so we were able eventually to push the Japs back, while relieving troops fought their way over the pass from the other side. It's the first real taste of battle that our division has had, and, according to all reports, we did a pretty good job.

Chaperoned!

Courting a girl in the Azores isn't easy, according to A./C. S. Philpot, R.A.F., who writes to his mother at Rushmore Road, Clapton, London, E.5:

Local courting couples seem to have a very thin time. The fellow cannot go out with the girl until they are engaged, and even then her mother has to go about with them to see fair play.

Each house has a small balcony, and the girl leans over and talks to her Romeo, who stands in the street below.

This goes on for hours on end, with intervals when the lover may strum a musical instrument and sing the latest in love lyrics to the lady above.

It is said that you can always pick out a lover in these parts by the permanent crick in his neck, caused by looking up so long at his girl friend on the balcony.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

A check-up should be made at aerodromes outside London where "airmen" are charging fantastic prices for small watch and clock repairs, done in Government time and often with Government tools and materials.—"Once Bitten," Abbey Wood, S.E.2.

★ ★ ★

A Serviceman, as a patient in hospital, gets his sweet ration and cigarettes each week. A Merchant Navy man in the same hospital gets no sweets or cigarettes. What a world!—"C. W. E.," Leicester.

★ ★ ★

An experiment at Rugby might be copied elsewhere. Every evening until 10 o'clock the hall used as a British Restaurant is open as a place where civilians can meet their friends. Light refreshments are available.—"F. W.," Rugby.

★ ★ ★

To help in my fight for a Service pension my doctor applied to the N.H. panel committee for my medical history documents. I was informed that these important papers had been sent for salvage!—C. Waterworth, Barnoldswick.

Plain Words to the Foreign Office

By Hannen Swaffer

EVERYWHERE in the enslaved countries there is evidence that the masses who have endured four years of torment are disgusted — disgusted with their former Governments and rulers and with nearly everything for which they stand.

He wants Whitehall to wake up

It took months and months before our Government was forced to recognise, by sheer weight of evidence, that it was Tito—a fighter with the "wicked Communists" in the International Brigade against Franco, "the gallant Christian gentleman"—who was fighting the Nazis and not Mihailovitch whom King Peter's coterie supported.

Only public opinion forced upon Whitehall a complete recognition of the Soviets, the arrival of whose first mission caused so much embarrassment to the Colonel Blimps that orders were given forbidding the taking of photographs of British officers shaking hands with Russian officers!

WE WAVERED

I myself heard not only these orders repeated, but Richard Law, now Minister of State, express the hope at a public lunch that King George of Greece would "be able to bear the strain of public speaking"—this when his subjects were in hourly peril of the *Gestapo* in the land he had left. Our own privileged class sees a peril to itself in any drastic change on the Continent.

So it is that we have failed to impose on Franco those severe terms that his liking for Hitler really made necessary, and still allow Salazar to export to Germany from Portugal, "our oldest ally," war materials which Nazi troops will use against our troops.

So it is that we have dillied and dallied for so long over our attitude towards de Gaulle, refused to force on the pro-Fascists among the Poles better treatment of the Jews in their armed forces, and censored news from Cairo about the scandalous conditions in the Greek army and navy.

To show the lengths to which taking the wrong side can lead us, I need only point to the case of Greece.

Its King cabled to Churchill and to Roosevelt when they were both in Canada, asking for their support. Roosevelt dodged it—but Churchill, speaking a few days later in the Parliament at Ottawa, said he hoped to see a speedy return of the Kings of Greece and Yugoslavia to their thrones.

Meanwhile, the patriots in both these conquered lands were by no means desirous of welcoming their monarchs back. They heard, in their own conditions of slavery, how they were surrounded, in their luxurious homes in London or in Cairo, by Fascist-minded officers and regimentarians who desired a return to the former bossdom.

So, on their old Independence Day, March 25, the Greek community in Egypt, officers and men in the army and navy, merchant seamen and refugees, demonstrated—in Alexandria, Cairo and Port Said—for the formation of a Government of National Unity.

Six days later, a delegation of high officers representing all the Greek armed forces in the Middle East placed this demand before the Premier, asking him to accept it or resign.

The delegation was arrested, but soon released by comrades and their guards.

GREEK MUTINY

The Premier was forced to resign and then the King tried to form a Government composed only of officers. Trouble succeeded trouble and then the Premier, temporarily back in power, actually persuaded the British authorities to tolerate wholesale arrests among the Greek soldiers and sailors. This aroused such a temper that there was a mutiny.

The King, arriving in London from Cairo, tried to undermine the idea of a Government of National Unity, but, opposed by the entire personnel of the armed forces, he was compelled to seek help against them from our own people.

"It was only after, three weeks," the Greek Unity Committee inform me, "that a boarding party led by a retired Vice-Admiral, for the King could not find a high naval officer on active service to execute his orders, managed one moonless night to take three of the ships by surprise and then forced the others to surrender. Even so, there was a great number of victims.

"The 1st Brigade, too, was finally starved out, forced to submit and was then sent into concentration camps.

"Officers of all ranks, even generals and admirals, brave men from the Albanian mountains and El Alamein, sailors and merchant seamen, heroes of all the seas, were shot at, killed, and dragged in thousands into prisons and concentration camps."

There follows a long and pitiful plea.

"These harsh and inhuman measures were taken solely because these men believed in the ideals of democracy and freedom," write patriots who accuse the King of seeking to revive once more—"on our country's ruins"—the Fascist régime he imposed in 1936.

Anyway, despite the Fascist-minded clique around the King, an all-Party conference had to be called in the Lebanon. Gradually, the democrats seem to be winning.

TITO AND PETER

Then, Tito demands for the Yugoslav nation for whom he will be leading, directly we have sent them the arms, no fewer than 600,000 guerillas, the now inactive warships which are still under the orders of what he calls "the *émigré* government"—that is, King Peter's underlings.

Only recently did Whitehall begin to recognise, because of its pro-Peter prejudice, the great value of Tito's aid at a time when our advance in Italy is so slow. That is why it is only now that King Peter has been forced to drop Mihailovitch.

The Poles are quite as split as are the Yugoslavs and the Greeks. It is a similar division, too—the democrats *versus* the semi-Fascists. The Socialists, shocked at last by the revelations of the anti-Semitism among their National forces, demand a clean sweep in the army and the resignation of General Kiukiel, the Minister of War, and of General Sosnowski, the Commander-in-Chief.

Had our own Government taken a stronger line on these and similar matters months ago, all these troubles might have been averted.

What is King George of Greece to us? Who, compared with his stricken "subjects," is King Peter?

Is it really thought the Fascist-minded Poles are going back to power?

The masses of our people are on the side of a freer and more enlightened Europe. We are fighting this war for the spreading of liberty, not for the perpetuation of feudalism.

And it is time our Foreign Office was told so, in plain words.

Her teeth are YOUR concern-

Every mother wants her children to grow up with teeth safe from the danger of decay. The way to make sure of this is by giving the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

Ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

—I know Jones have just had a delivery of

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Protects the home from germs

KH 97-861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
2 Put a little cream on chin with finger tip.
3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

PER 1/3 JAR

The familiar Lifebuoy and Sailor trade mark is considered by smokers everywhere as the symbol of all that is finest in Cigarette manufacture.

LAST LAUGH

MRS. G. V. (Stroud).—"A friend of mine has dressed her little boy in a chess-board pattern coat so that she can spot him easily." Keeping him in check, so to speak.

C. C. (Coulsdon).—"The police went on searching for the body, each stage taking them into more water." In other words, the mystery deepened.

T. J. (Stockwell).—"The glare that the woman gave me was worse than receiving a knockout punch." A glancing blow, so to speak!

H. G. (Leicester).—"Owing to the local Hunt being abandoned, foxes are openly prowling in our back-gardens." And when you shout "Tally-Ho" we suppose they simply reply: "So what?"

SERGEANT (Essex).—"Radio sets have now been installed in some of our Military Detention Barracks." We have always maintained that some useful purpose would sooner or later be found for the General Forces Programme.

G. G. (Hamilton).—"A bulldog in our street steals and buries practically all the bones we place aside for war salvage." Are you sure it isn't a dachshund in disguise?

NATURALIST (Cheam). — "The black-out system was used by insects against attacks by their enemies hundreds of years ago." We have always suspected glow-worms as being Fifth Columnists.

NATURALIST (Epping).—"A pair of rooks use exactly 176 twigs in building their nest." Yes, but need they count them so noisily?

DENTIST (London, W.).—"Cheap, artificial teeth are the most expensive in the long run." False economy?

CORPORAL (South-East).—"Inside a sentry-box just outside our barracks, a robin sits all day on five eggs." Surely she stands up when the Colonel goes by?

R. M. (Yorks).—"I have a homing pigeon which would fetch £10 any day." Then why not let it do so every day until you found out where it fetched the money from?

B. M. (Royal Engineers).—"One of Germany's new incendiary bombs is said to be ignited by a delayed-action petrol lighter." Whereas that petrol-lighter of ours with the delayed action would need a really energetic incendiary bomb to ignite it.

S. N. (South-East).—"Although a bomb dropped only fifty yards away from our club, members just carried on with their dancing as if nothing had happened." And yet, for a moment, they must have suspected that a Rumba had suddenly broken out?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"If yer asks me, mate, that's where Eisenhower's goin', to land, right there!"

Side-Slips

EVENING NEWS: — "The constable was the only one in the rescue party with a knowledge of first AID."

EVENING NEWS:—". . . inquiries about the man with the cultured voice who hoaxed EATS Londoners into believing. . . ."

HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER:—". . . of murder of a TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD baby found dead in a forest at. . . "

EVENING NEWS:—"Those engaged in heavy industries who at present get 12 DUNCES will continue to do so."

RHONDDA LEADER: — ". . . said that he found that Mrs. L—— suffered bad head injuries to the LEFT Leg."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—". . . brown suede shoes, PLUM-COVERED hat. . . ."

BURY TIMES:—". . . and stealing guns, ammunition and money, and a billiards HALL in Radcliffe. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

Every week we receive moving appeals for aid from readers who are victims of adversity. Sudden illness in the family; death of a breadwinner; temporary loss of employment—these are some of the blows which often fall without warning.

Slender savings are speedily exhausted in coping with such emergencies, and harassed parents, unable to give their youngsters sufficient food or to provide special invalid fare in the cases of sickness, hardly know where to turn.

The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund does all it can to help such people. But appeals are numerous and the constant support of readers who are more fortunately placed is needed.

All donations are pooled and allocated equitably among the deserving cases on our books. We meet all administrative expenses, so every penny subscribed gives 100 per cent. aid to the needy.

Please send what you can spare to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking envelope "War Sufferers." Lists of current subscriptions supplied on application. Acknowledgment is made where names are given, but anonymous gifts are equally welcome.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

£100 Plus Radio—"BULLETS" 1,425

Mrs. A. McCrae, 8, Lemmon St., Greenock, for this "Bullet":—

DAY WE INVADE TRUSTING IN "BEING UNSEEN."

$10: R. L. M. Sambrook, 152, Lichfield Rd., Bloxwich.

Britons, Beware—"Suspended" Liberties Aren't "Strangled"!

$5: T. Cooper, 21, Royd St., Bradford.

Spectre Of Defeat—"Solid" As Allies, Germany!

$4: J. Eccles, 14, Trower St., Frenchwood, Preston.
Our Finest Building—Parliament, However Westminster "Blasted."

$3: R. G. Malcolm, 3, Sunnybank Rd., Birmingham.
Day We Invade—Well Tested—And Will.

$2: W. J. Hill, 9, Waters St., Briton Ferry.
In The Post-war Home—Steel Fittings—"Brass" Fitting?

£10 GOLD WATCHES See Offer Next Page

6 Prizes of $2 each:
A. Hayes, 14, Beehive St., Retford.
Place To Go To—See Your Success Has!
W. Jennings, 30, Applecroft Rd., Welwyn Garden City.
Our Finest Days—When Bombs Were "Raining."
J. P. Kerr, 9, Stephen St., Cramlington.
Our Radio—Cooked—Dad Gave "Postscript"!
J. S. Reid, 29, Gilfrock Park Ave., Glasgow.
Over The Wall—Allies—Of "Peace," Neutrals.
P. Smith, 14, Pickmere St., Warrington.
In The Post-war Theatre—"Ta!" To Tito, Too!
W. Walford, 33, Stowe Ave., Sheffield.
Our Finest Hour—With Pike? With The!
A list of 35 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 320 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 167

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order B—E—R—A entered by following 11 competitors, who thus share £75: T. J. Entwistle, Stanhoran; W. Garnett, Speke; Miss E. Gladwish, Ore; L.A.C. M. C. Hutchinson, Somewhere-in-Britain; Mrs. I. Ingham, Sedgefield; Mellanby, Stockton-on-Tees; Mrs. V. Rosier, Newbury; Mrs. Shirlaw, Erdington; A. White, Holtsach; W. Williams, Tonypandy; Sgmn. Tewbury, R.A., Somewhere-in-Britain.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 40 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order shown. 2nd Runners-up Awards for 278 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

MIRRORS SHINE IN NO TIME!

1 POUR SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH...
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE MIRROR—IT FORMS A WHITE FILM
LET IT DRY A MOMENT. GIVE A QUICK POLISH—AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

No more water splashing all over the carpet — goodbye to hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy — removes all grease and dirt, gives a rich, lasting gloss. Get some from your grocer or ironmonger, and see how it makes your mirrors and windows shine in no time. 1/2 a bottle.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure

"ALL WOOL" No. 1 Green Band, No. 2 Blue Band, No. 4 Maternity

SENTINEL
Regd. Trade Mark
HYGIENIC TOWELS
From all chemists, drapers and stores
Splendor Ltd. Nottingham
Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers

SAFE, QUICK HEALING
for skin troubles

D.D.D. Prescription quickly destroys the impurities under the skin that cause dermatitis, acne and rashes. This antiseptic liquid stimulates the growth of new skin. It is your safeguard against infection.

From all chemists. **D.D.D.** *1/3 a bottle (inc. tax).*
PRESCRIPTION

HEALTHY GAINS for YOUR BABY

Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother. Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe antacid and gentle laxative for babies. Be careful, Mother, remember to ask for 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. You can get it everywhere.

THE FAMOUS **BLANCO** WHITE CLEANER FOR WHITE CANVAS & BUCKSKIN SHOES, IS ALSO MADE AS A **LIQUID** IN BOTTLES

There's Nothing Better

Manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. The other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" but may they be sold as "BLANCO."

New Models for New Times

Post war
KERSHAW
SOHO CAMERAS
will be

Better than ever

Long Chin?

For a shaving stick that gives lather galore
that's Easy

For a shaving stick whose lather lightens the work of the blade
that's Easy

For a shaving stick with 100 shaves per stick

***the answer's* EASY**

SHAVING STICK
7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED
E 370-757-65

Work a Joy

Evening finds HEALTHY WORKERS tired but happily content with a day's work well done.

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient! Nobody can afford to be handicapped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping sluggish kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause pain and discomfort.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

BIG NEW PRIZES FOR "BULLETS"

£200
AWARDS VALUE OVER

£10 GOLD WATCHES
£10 PLUS GOLD WATCH
£5 PLUS GOLD WATCH
£4 £3 £2
38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-
50 of 5/- 1000 MERIT AWARDS

£50 plus **£25 RADIO**
FIRST PRIZE

FOR the pleasant and amusing little job of fitting together a few words, *John Bull* this week offers cheques, Radio and Gold Watches, with scores of new Postal Order prizes and other awards as well.

This may be the first week you have ever entered for *Bullets*. Well, remember that many readers have scored with a first attempt—and, if you will but take the trouble to study this week's chief winning *Bullets* on page 14, there is no reason why you should not build a prizeworthy effort in the next ten minutes.

HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, from a recent list, a woman reader selected the *Example* WHEN TOMMY COMES HOME. Upon that *Example* she built her First Prize *Bullet*, WHEN TOMMY COMES HOME—*RULE* OUT THE BARREL-*ORGAN!*

Last day to post your coupon below, Monday, June 5.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, Acorn & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be multilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

THE GREAT ATTACK	WONDERING WHEN
OVER IN EUROPE	TO THE LAST
SUNSHINE OF VICTORY	TAKING NO CHANCES
VITAL POINT	AUNTIE'S A GO-GETTER, SO
RIGHT AND MIGHT	
JUST LIKE OLD BILL	
IF ALL GOES WELL	
APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH	
IN CHAOS	
THE MAN RESPONSIBLE	
WIFEY AND BRITANNIA	
VOICE LIKE THUNDER	
SONNY'S GOT A GIRL, SO	
WISHING HE HADN'T	
CAME THE DAWN AND	
MEMORABLE OCCASION	

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

GENERAL .....
LOOKS LIKE .....
QUESTION OF .....
MUST BE A .....
TO BE .....
NO TIME TO.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated June 17. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
"BULLETS" No. 1,429

Signed .....
Address.....
.....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, JUNE 5

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,429—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

NEEDING A VALVE?

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A

MULLARD

There are more Mullard valves in the shops nowadays

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE COMPANY LIMITED
CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

This ointment kills germs — it contains 'Dettol'

Skin disorders are often slow and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal. Dettol Ointment marks a new scientific advance in the treatment of obstinate skin complaints.

This new ointment contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic which is used in nearly all our great hospitals. Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the irritation of painful sores, but sinks deep into the tissue, there to destroy the germs of infection and to help the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

DETTOL OINTMENT

From all Chemists 1/5, Large size 3/4½, including tax

"PASS DOWN THE BUS, PLEASE!"

A voice rasps out . . . "Action Stations! Number one, GO!" Charlie's number two. He leans across to his pal. "A threepenny to Bethnal Green! Pass down the bus, please!" His pal grins. Charlie was a conductor. Now it's Charlie's turn. "Number two, GO!" Charlie's off. Salute his daring! Salute the Soldier. Salute with more savings! We can all do this. We *must* do it. Let us cut our spending and increase our lending—and so help in a practical way to Salute the Soldier!

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

Issued by the National Savings Committee

My perfect laxative

Beware of constipation — obey the golden rule of health! Take Beecham's Pills and maintain a regular gentle movement of the bowels. That's the way to keep fit and avoid all the ills and ailments apt to follow constipation. Beecham's Pills are non-habit-forming; unfailingly gentle yet thorough in their effect — always reliable. They are the perfect laxative, and for this reason are trusted by millions. Get some today — and look after yourself!

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Food Facts

HOW TO GET THE NEW RATION BOOK

CUT OUT THIS NOTICE AND KEEP IT BY YOU

The issue of the new Ration Book (with the next Clothing Book) began on May 22nd. It will be used for food purchases from July 23rd.

Getting your new Ration Book will be easier and quicker this year if everyone follows these simple directions. We have divided them into BEFORE, DURING and AFTER. Take these stages one at a time, and you will help to make the job of giving out even 45,000,000 books go with a swing.

BEFORE

Before you can get your new Ration Book you must see that both your IDENTITY CARD and your PRESENT RATION BOOK are in order. Your *Identity Card* should have been signed on the left-hand inside page. It should also have your present permanent address on it. If it has not, or if you have lost your card, go at once to your local National Registration Office (same address as the Food Office), taking your present Ration Book with you. Remember it's no good going to a ration book distribution centre if your Identity Card has been lost or is incorrect.

Page 3 of your PRESENT RATION BOOK has been left blank so far. This must be filled in now. *This page must not be cut out.* Next make sure that page 36 has the names and addresses of your retailers written or stamped in the spaces provided.

DURING

During the time that the new books are being given out, the posters in your Food Office area and advertisements in your local newspapers will tell you where and when to get your book. Remember that the poster to go by is the one in your own Food Office area. It will be shown in Post Offices, cinemas and elsewhere.

When you go to get your new Ration Book you must have your present Food Book and your Identity Card with you. *Anyone can fetch your new book for you if they take your old book and Identity Card.* All the books for a household can be collected at one time even if the surnames are different. Other arrangements will be made for people who cannot possibly fetch or send for their new book at the proper time.

If you are an expectant mother and are due to go to the Food Office between now and July 23rd to get your green Ration Book renewed, you can get your new Ration Books at the same time and so save yourself a second journey. Holders of temporary (yellow) Identity Cards who have to apply for extension during this period can also get their Ration Books at the same time.

AFTER

After you have got your new book you must:

(1) Write your address and National Registration Number on the front cover of the Food Book and your name, address and National Registration Number on the front of the Clothing Book.
(2) Next remove the Clothing Book carefully and put it away in a safe place. You will not be able to use it before 1st August.
(3) Then, on page 5 of the Ration Book, write your name and address in Section A and your *present* milk retailer's name and address in Section B.

Then you must register afresh with all your retailers (except for milk), even if you wish to remain with your present retailers, as most people will. If you fail to re-register, your retailers may not be able to serve you after July 23rd. *You cannot change or re-register for milk.* Any registrations you may have made after May 21st need not be renewed.

HOW TO RE-REGISTER

(1) On page 6, write the names and addresses of the retailers with whom you wish to register. (If you know that your retailer uses a rubber stamp, you can leave this job to him.)

(2) On page 8, write your name and address in the spaces against MEAT, EGGS, FATS, CHEESE, BACON, SUGAR.

(3) Take the Ration Book to each retailer to cut out the proper counterfoils. *Don't cut them out yourself.*

If you are moving house at any time *before* July 23rd, wait to re-register in your new area.

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